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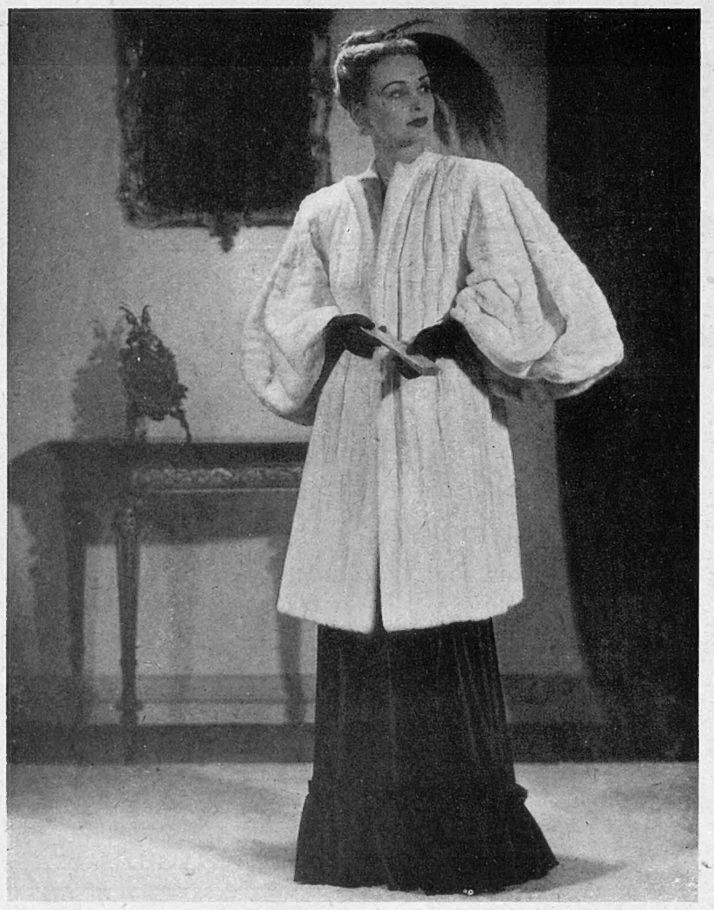

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE CROYDON DAKOTA CRASH—FIREMEN PLAYING HOSES ON THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE AIR-LINER WHICH CRASHED DURING TAKE-OFF AND CAME INTO COLLISION WITH A STATIONARY DAKOTA WHICH IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND: Twelve people lost their lives in this disaster, and, in various parts of the world, four machines of the same type crashed during last week-end

While the Ministry of Civil Aviation was conducting its inquiry last week-end into the Dakota tragedy at Stowting, near Folkestone, there were four other Dakota crashes in various parts of the world: one at Croydon, where twelve people lost their lives; one at Copenhagen, in which Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden and Grace Moore, the singer, and twenty others were killed; one at Hong Kong, where four lost their lives; and one in the mountain fastnesses of the Szechwan Province of China, where the death-roll was eighteen. The Croydon disaster occurred when a Dakota operated by Spencer Airways faltered on taking off and touched the runway again after reaching a height of 100 ft. As it grounded the machine skidded into a Czech aircraft in front (another Dakota) and both aircraft were immediately enveloped by flames and heavy smoke. Many relatives and friends of passengers made frantic rescue attempts before they were driven off by the intense heat of the flames

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The State of England.—

Not infrequently the B.B.C. puts up a speaker, newly home from overseas, to report on the state of this country as he finds it. He usually compares it very unfavourably with wartime England and still more unfavourably with the civilised or semi-barbarous country whence he comes. Some of the speakers make the point that they are very conscious of a widespread disillusion, of lack of leadership and ideals, of fog and muddlemindedness, of apathy and weariness. I fancy these reports are honestly made; they may be partially observed, and here and there exaggerated. But, by and large, they are fair criticism. The nation's great spiritual, moral and physical revival in her hour of danger quite naturally petered out from relief and fatigue. We are still panting and prone and disappointed of the results of our efforts and of the miracle of our salvation. Are we to confess that in our long history nothing but acute danger has ever raised us to great moral revivals? If we do so, we may fairly argue that those acute dangers—different only in type, not degree—are present again. Our existence as a first-class Power, as a solvent nation, is even now acutely threatened. We are again on the edge of an abyss, certainly economic and perhaps political. But there is another theory to be considered. Times of danger throw up leaders, and we have been lucky in our leaders. How much of our rises to great heights has been due to leadership, how much to sense of danger? I fancy leadership has played its big part. If so, it is leadership that we require to-day to co-operate with the sense of danger to raise the nation up again. And where shall we look in the ranks of the present Ministry, each and all preoccupied with legislation, acutely nervous of failure, painfully acquiring the difficult technique of government, all too ready to be swayed by cliques of its supporters? Mr. Attlee's team sadly needs strengthening. And I rather think Mr. Attlee is to-day ruefully aware of the fact.

Deterioration.—

During Parliament's Christmas recess there was a marked deterioration in the nation's state. The House reassembled on January 21, having before it an enormous mass of major legislation to be thrashed out and pushed through, highly contentious and acerbating, and (what is worse) none of it, or very little, concerned with the improvement of present evils or with the solution of current problems. Often in the past decades one has noticed how much progress can be made, how "things improve," when Parliament is not sitting and Ministers are free to deal with their own departments without Parliamentary calls and interference. In part, this sense of progress is fictional. The public feels that constructive work is going forward when its ears are not dinned by the cat-calls of destructive criticism and nasty-schoolboy wrangles in the House. But in part it was genuine. Recesses do give Ministers a chance. But on this occasion the fruits of their opportunities are to seek. The nation's economic state has quite largely deteriorated, and the nation's sense of doubt, frustration and pessimism has grown rapidly. The truth as I see it is this: it is most unjust to suggest that all the nation has suffered a loss of faith, of heart, of hope. But so much is true: the events of the recess reveal that Mr. Attlee's Government is seriously divided on certain principles of policy at home and abroad, that several of his colleagues are anxious, frightened men who have tumbled to it that power and dreams of power are poles apart in days like these, when problems are well-nigh insoluble and men's

BANKSIDE POWER-STATION CAUSES A CONTROVERSY—WILL IT OBSTRUCT THE OUTLINES OF ST. PAUL'S? Looking north towards the Cathedral past the existing power-station. London County Council and the City Corporation are both objecting to the London City Electricity Company's application to extend Bankside, even though the promoters of the scheme declare that Bankside is seriously in need of modernisation and is, indeed, very much behind the times. A new and bigger Bankside, it is argued, would blot out the view of St. Paul's from this direction, a view in part made possible by the blitz. While this controversy is raging, there is also criticism in the City of the proposals in the Town and Country Planning Bill by which the City of London will cease to be a planning authority, and the duty of replanning the City would pass to the London County Council

reason and restraint are trembling and overturned. Never was leadership so essential in England. Never was leadership so far to seek.

A New Song.—

How one longs for comfort and a new inspiration these days! It is seasonal. It is not only adverse political and economic causes which compel the longing. Always, as long as I can remember as a journalist, the end of January brings the same longing. Three weeks is all too long for the high hopes and noble resolutions to persist. By now always they have petered out and "Parliament reassembles" in bitterness, bickering and disillusion. It is winter still and darkness lies over the land. I throw no stones at any party. It was so in "Dizzy's" days, I fancy. It was certainly so between wars. And now there is ever more excuse for short-term vows and hopes. Never did we need more truly a new song in our mouths, a new inspiration to guide and uplift us. Never were we so sick of human existence, of "half-men and their dirty songs and dreary and all the little emptiness of life." In these days we cling to support wherever we can find it. We are lucky indeed if we find it near home, in our own circle. The brave, the serene, the free spirits, the rare spirits which survive among mankind, are beset for help, are all too few for the needs of the hour. Who will show us any good? I am convinced we are in direr need of leadership to-day than in 1940. I am convinced that a grain of moral inspiration would benefit this nation more than a bushel of legislation. And it looks as if we must bury our bowed and bloody heads under the bushel.

France and Ourselves.—

I have never read any historical account of the Entente from Edwardian days to its petering-out in 1940. I do not know how the historian would set out the balance-sheet of profit and loss. It is no theory but established fact that every partnership between individuals or nations depends for success on fifty-fifty, on maximum contribution from each side. It is a *fact* that in the anxious '30's, as Cabinet succeeded Cabinet in France and the same professional party fighters changed to partners and swapped offices, many of us realised that, on one side at least, the reliability of the partnership was very questionable. I remember watching in the late '30's a royal procession driving down the Mall for the honour of France's Government, and as I watched, the *bogusness* of the business hit me in the eye. The Entente was make-believe, France was absorbed in the fascinating party-game, blind to the things that mattered. . . . And so it proved. It has been, then, with deep anxiety that I have watched France's struggle to rehabilitate herself, to forge a new Constitution and to re-establish, after thirty years of party play-time, sound parliamentary Government. Without it, France can never be a safe partner in any pact, signed or unsigned; can never be better than a liability in any partnership. A cordial agreement is not enough. Strength and good intentions must reinforce goodwill.

The Real Stalin — and Russia.—

Now and again, when the Russian enigma grows unusually obscure and anxious, an emissary of the Press or a notable is sent from England or America to seek an interview at the Kremlin and clarify the position by bearding the lion and twisting some answers out of his tail. And the lion is amazingly tame, as a rule. A charming fellow (as Montgomery assures us), seeking peace, always trying to ensue it, pained by the misrepresentations and suspicions of Russia's allies; above all, quite certain that another war is 100 years away. There is nothing left to fight about, and no section of any nation willing to back a war if it were declared. The world heaves a sigh of relief until next morning . . . when it wakes to read the report of an article in *Pravda* of a kind which, in the old days, would have led straight to a breach of diplomatic relations. It totally contradicts or cancels out everything M. Stalin said yesterday. The commonest and most accepted view of Stalin is that he is virtual dictator of Russia. When Stalin says "Turn," all Russia turns, and what Stalin says, goes. But this accepted opinion is utterly incompatible with the Stalin who seeks (and is confident of) peace and understanding and yet has no power to prevent the wildest statements of bitter distrust which fill columns of his official Press. What sort of a dictator is he whose Press can and does publish fantastic charges and incitements to irritation so totally at variance with his own views? You can't have it both ways. I believe, and you may believe, Stalin to be a sincere and ardent peace-lover and ensuer. But at the moment it is impossible to believe that he is *tha* and also a dictator.

Just an Idea.—

A writer's mind is usually mirrored in his current writing, even if he be a specialist devoted to a science or art, quite certainly if he be a philosopher or even a news commentator. And I fancy I have not concealed of late a personal opinion that modern life in England comprises too much of bad news and warnings and too little of hope and faith (even blind faith) in the ultimate good, of incentives to cheerfulness and endeavour. The badness of the news has become a music-hall jest—always a clear indication of public opinion. Ministers meet their Press conferences and public meetings with long faces and solemn warnings. Cripps, Strachey and Shinwell are nuts at it. The Premier rarely opens his mouth; Morrison is usually fully employed shattering opposition. There are scores of Ministries, and new authorities are always being created to deal with new legislation. I wonder whether to-day any Ministry, properly conducted and equipped, could do more good to this distressed nation than a Ministry of Optimism. I would not transfer existing members of the Government's propaganda team to the new Ministry. The new Minister must be carefully chosen, and his lieutenants also. We might recall the Governor of Tomtopia, for a start.

THE OLD STAGER

Judging by the large amount of correspondence received by the Publisher, there seems to be some doubt in the public mind about posting British periodicals *to countries overseas*. There is no difficulty at all now, and the Publisher will be pleased to send THE SPHERE to any address abroad on receipt of remittance with order. Subscription rates (including postage):

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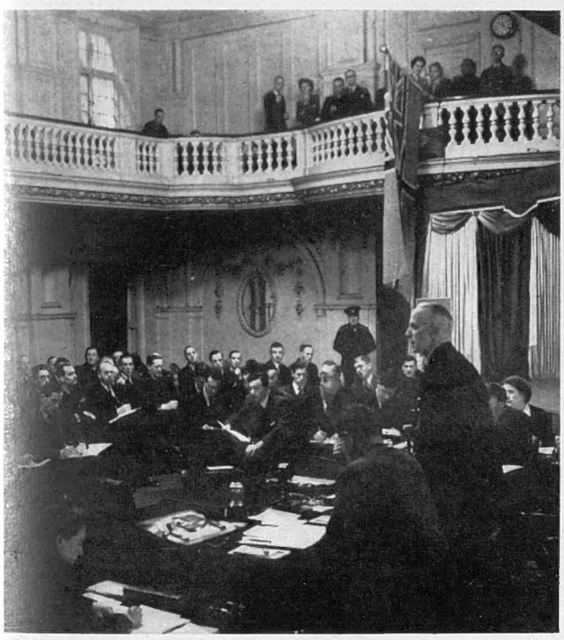
THE DAKOTA CRASH INQUIRY

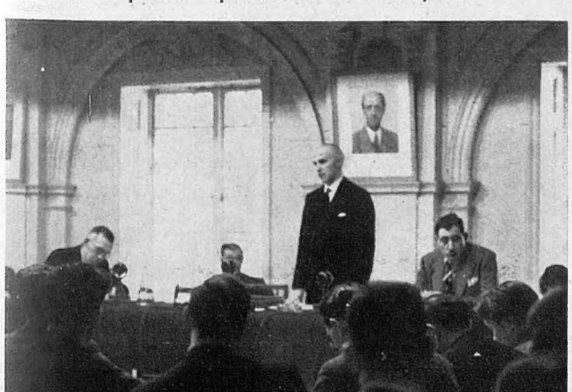
Air Commodore Brown Hears the Evidence at the Ministry of Civil Aviation

The spate of air crashes has heavily involved the Dakota, the war-time transport which has been put to civil use, and its airworthiness has been discussed at the Ministry of Civil Aviations inquiry into the Stowting disaster. This crash took place near Folkestone on January 11, and on January 23 Air-Commodore Brown opened the inquiry at the Ministry of Civil Aviation, vital witnesses from France having been assembled for the occasion. The wrecked Dakota, it will be remembered, was on a flight to West Africa, but, after being prevented by fog from landing at Bordeaux, turned back and, after failing to land at Le Bourget, eventually crashed just on this side of the Channel. On the second day of the session there was criticism of French airfield control

TWO VITAL WITNESSES : Air-Commodore Vernon Brown, Chief Inspector of Accidents (in the centre of the table at the left), questioning Mr. F. G. Duff, Ministry of Civil Aviation Navigation Briefing Officer at London Airport, and Wing-Commander J. R. Neill at the opening session of the public inquiry into the accident to the B.O.A.C. Dakota at Stowting, near Folkestone, on January 11. In due course the public will be informed of the official findings of the inquiry



AIR-COMMODORE BROWN ADDRESSES THE COURT : The Chairman speaking at the opening of the inquiry into the B.O.A.C. crash. Such inquiries are usually held in camera and the present departure has been widely welcomed



THE CHAIRMAN AND THE PACKED COURT AT THE MINISTRY OF CIVIL AVIATION : Air-Commodore Vernon Brown (*left*) making his opening remarks, in which he stressed that the inquiry was not of a judicial nature, but merely an attempt by the Accidents Investigation Branch to discover the true facts of the disaster at Stowting. *Right*—Interested parties listening to the evidence. One of the first dramatic points to be revealed was that the Dakota, when about to land at Bordeaux, was compelled to wait owing to the prior claims of a crippled York air-liner. On arrival above Le Bourget there were other delays, and these were made the subject of criticism by Captain P. Bressey, one of the witnesses, who contended that the French airfield control was inadequate

b

SUPPORTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC BLOC PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF WARSAW ON THE EVE OF THE POLISH GENERAL ELECTIONS : Carrying banners and the voting index figure 3, which they wished to impress upon the mind of every elector, the Communists and Socialists, the dominant partners in the Democratic Bloc, marched through the capital to win last minute support for their candidates. In the subsequent voting the Democratic Bloc won an overwhelming victory, polling 80 per cent. of all the votes cast, but it occasioned no surprise when M. Mikolaj zyk, leader of the Peasant Party, protested to the world against the unfairness which had characterised every phase of the election preparations. He indicated that at least 12,000 leading members of his party were under arrest

AMID THE RUBBLE OF WAR-SCARRED WARSAW : Voters, on their way to the polls, passing a ruined building freely plastered with election and other posters. In some offices and Government departments in Warsaw officials organised collective marches to the polls in support of the Government

BITTERNESS and TERROR MAR THE POLISH GENERAL ELECTIONS

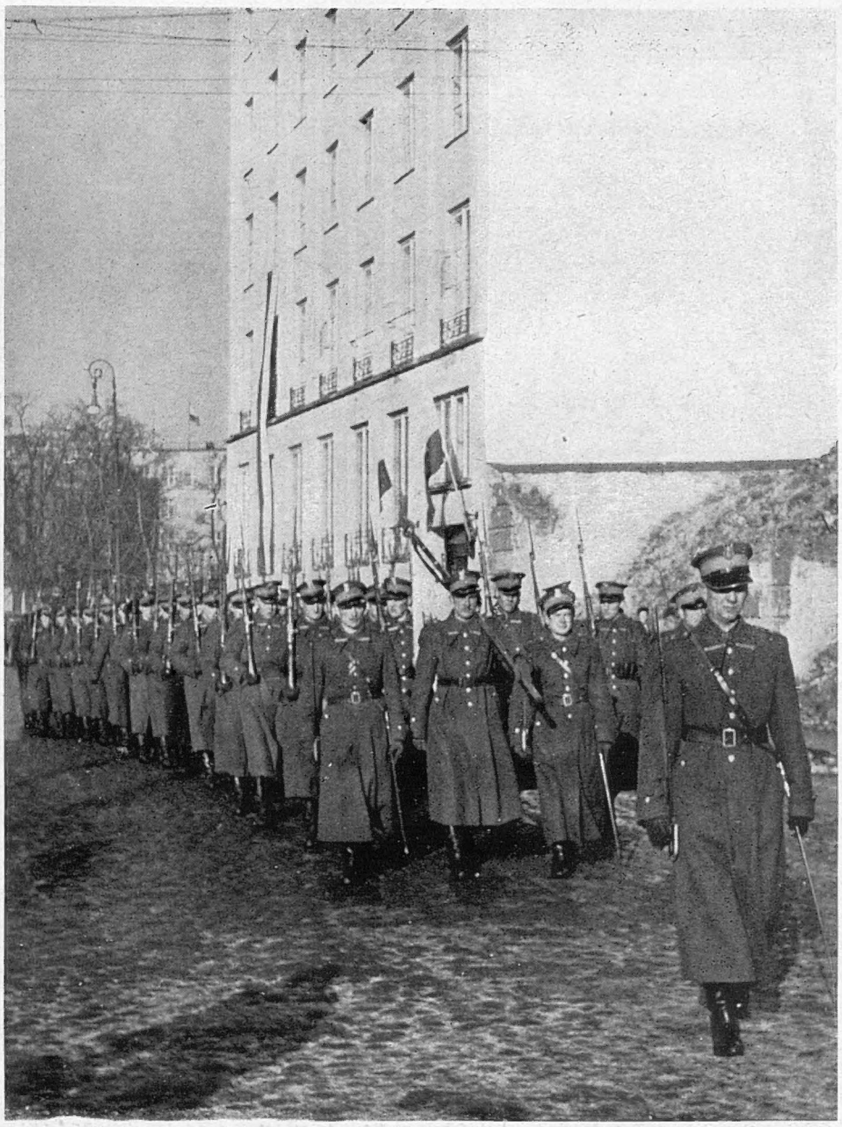
Two years ago Britain, America and Russia agreed at Yalta that a new Polish Government should be brought into being as a result of "free and unfettered elections." Last week the General Elections in Poland were regarded by the Polish Government as a redemption of that pledge, and at the polls the Communist-Socialist Democratic Bloc won an overwhelming majority. The elections, however, were conducted in an atmosphere of bitterness and terror, and M. Mikolajczyk, leader of the Peasant Party, called upon the Polish Supreme Court to annul the elections and he called upon the world to witness a travesty of democracy. He made it plain that not only were his followers and many of his candidates in gaol, but that his watchers were in many places denied access to the polling stations, and it was only where they had such access that the Peasantry achieved any notable successes

ONCE AGAIN IN THE SADDLE : M. Edward Ozubka Morawski, the Polish Premier, whose Democratic Bloc won 382 out of the 444 seats in the Diet

DON'T FORGET THE POLLING NUMBER ! Supporters of the Democratic Bloc holding voting cards to remind voters of the index number they must look for on their polling cards

THE ELECTIONS COINCIDED WITH THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATION OF WARSAW FROM THE GERMANS : This parade took place on polling day and shows Communists and Socialists of the victorious Democratic Bloc marching through the streets of Warsaw to lay wreaths on the graves of patriots killed in the rising against the Germans. After paying tribute to the fallen. some of these groups marched to the polling stations in order to cast their votes

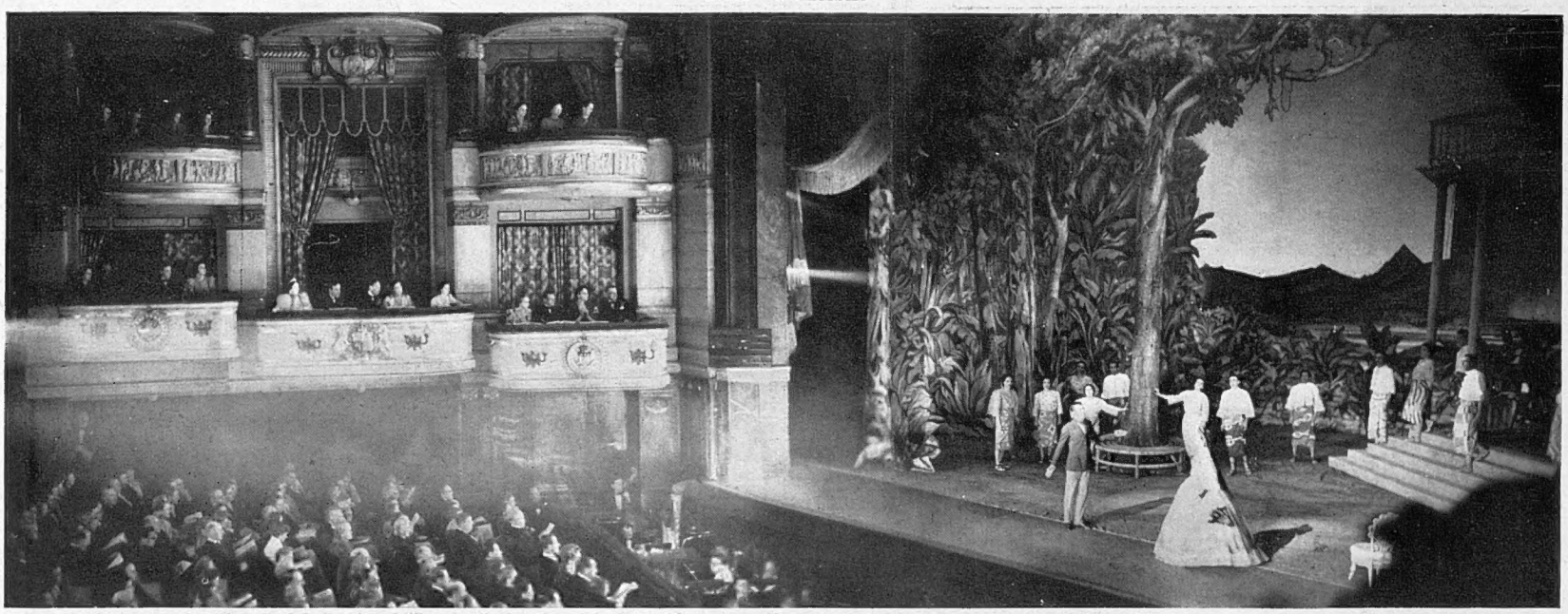
THE COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS WAS WELL GUARDED : A young soldier with a sub-machine-gun on duty outside the party offices. In the days before the elections there were frequent clashes between the rival factions and thirteen Communists lost their lives. At the same time there were widespread attacks on the Peasant Party supporters, and the whole pre-election atmosphere was one of violence



THE POLISH ARMY PLAYED ITS PART ON POLLING DAY : A unit marching through the streets of the city when engaged in the task of maintaining law and order. The military were called out because it was feared that the violent clashes which had already taken place before the elections would be intensified when citizens actually came to the polls

THE ATTACK ON THE PEASANT PARTY'S MACHINERY OF PROPAGANDA : A girl sweeping up the debris in the printing works of the Polish Peasant Party at 98, Panski Street, Warsaw, after opponents of the party had invaded the place, forced the occupants to leave at the pistol-point, and then destroyed the literature and put the machinery out of action. This undemocratic action, attributed to supporters of the Democratic Bloc, was a serious blow to the Peasant Party, putting an end to their output of literature and canvassing cards at a critical moment just before polling day

THE MAN WHO PROTESTED TO THE WORLD : M. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Vice-Premier of Poland in the Provisional Government and leader of the Peasant Party, who has appealed to the Supreme Court of Poland for the annulment of the elections and has made a declaration to the world, stating that 12,000 of his followers were in gaol at the time of the voting. M. Mikolajczyk was himself elected in the Warsaw district



THE ROYAL VISIT TO DRURY LANE FOR THE CHARITY PERFORMANCE OF "PACIFIC 1860": A general view of the stage and auditorium during the first act of Mr. Coward's musical romance of the South Seas, which was watched from the Royal box by the King and Queen, Princess Margaret and Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten. The performance was given in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, which makes grants to so many marine benevolent societies

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT DRURY LANE: H.M. Queen Elizabeth, Viscount Mountbatten, H.M. the King, Viscountess Mountbatten and Princess Margaret watching the performance of "Pacific 1860." Princess Elizabeth was unable to be present, having a chill

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE EVE of their DEPARTURE

On the eve of their departure for South Africa on the Royal tour, which will take them away from England for about three months, the King and Queen and the Princesses made numerous public appearances, including a special visit to Drury Lane for the charity performance of Noel Coward's *Pacific 1860*. In order to arrive in England in time to act as Deputy to the King, the Duke of Gloucester was flown back from Australia in a York air-liner. In addition to the Duke, it was expected that the Princess Royal and her son, Viscount Lascelles, would be made members of the Regency Council

THE PRINCESSES AT THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret enjoying one of the clowning acts at Olympia. On the left, behind Princess Elizabeth, is the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, and on the right is her sister-in-law, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of Lord Elphinstone and niece of the Queen

ACTING AS SENIOR COUNCILLOR OF STATE WHILE THE KING IS IN SOUTH AFRICA: The Duke of Gloucester seen on arrival at London Airport after being flown back from Australia on relinquishing the post of Governor-General. The Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William and Prince Richard are returning by sea. During his two years in Australia the Duke travelled more than 76,500 miles—the equivalent of nearly three times round the world. These trips, made for the most part by air, took him to areas which had never before seen their Governor-General

THE BAPTISM OF THE CROSS IN THE RIVER JORDAN : Monsignor Epiphanios, Archbishop of Philadelphia and head of the Greek Orthodox Church in Transjordan, seen as he immersed the Cross in the river at the annual ceremony conducted at the spot where Christ was baptised by St. John the Baptist

BEFORE EMBARKING UPON JORDAN : Archbishop Epiphanios donning his vestments prior to conducting the ceremony of the Baptism of the Cross. At the same time he baptised several infants

PEACEFUL SCENES FROM PALESTINE

For many months past the bulk of the pictures that have come to THE SPHERE office from Palestine have reflected the tragedy of inter-racial strife. Here are some comparatively peaceful scenes, some taken on the occasion of the "Baptism of the Cross," an annual ceremony conducted on the site of Christ's baptism, and the others taken during a brief afternoon of relaxation by a British unit in the Holy Land. The Archbishop of Philadelphia (the old name for Amman) is the chief Greek Orthodox priest in Transjordan

ESCORT TO THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN : Christian Arab youths from Jerusalem walking in procession to the river in front of the Archbishop's car before the start of the annual baptismal ceremony

SPEEDWAY RACING BY THE DEAD SEA—IT WAS A DAY OUT FOR THE TROOPS AND, DESPITE THE NOISE AND THE DUST, A COMPARATIVELY PEACEFUL RELIEF FROM THE RIGOURS OF ATTEMPTING TO KEEP THE PEACE : *Left*—The start of one of the races at the speedway meeting arranged by the 2nd Battalion the Lincolnshire Regiment and No. 2 Air Support Signals Unit on a circular piece of ground near the Dead Sea. *Right*—Members of the field rounding a bend, watched by a corporal acting as marker. In the lead is Lieut. Donald D. Cuppleditch, of Edinburgh, who was the captain of the Lincolns and returned the highest points of the day. The troops used their lorries as a grandstand, and a spice of excitement was added by the provision of a totalisator

SOLDIER-STATESMEN TAKE THE STAGE

A New Phase in World Affairs, and What It May Portend in America

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE most interesting comment that I found on the appointment of General Marshall to be United States Secretary of State was the *New York Herald-Tribune's* in examining the situation by which five of the posts "most critical to the relations of this country to the rest of the world will be held by professional soldiers, products of the old Army discipline, training and outlook."

The five are General Marshall in Washington, General MacArthur in Tokyo, General Bedell Smith, Ambassador in Moscow, General Lucius Clay in Berlin, and General Mark Clark in Vienna (since replaced by another soldier), and attention was drawn to the fact that the last three supplied the United States with their most important direct contacts with Soviet Russia.

The American paper came to the conclusion that the reason why military men still monopolise these key posts in foreign affairs is the want of trained *and trustworthy* (italics mine) civil administrators competent to the task, and it looks upon the appointment of General Marshall as a confession of failure. Failure on the part of a hard-pressed President to resist the temptation of clutching at a trained bureaucrat, a man deeply imbued with the idea of loyalty to government and almost by definition right outside the struggle of parties.

Yet the soldier cast to tackle world affairs is no solution : he is a substitute, and not even a sufficient one, though he be of the highest personal quality. For behind the President is a greater failure : failure by over-praised Democracy to act on the discovery that the fat campaign contributor is no longer an adequate agent of diplomacy. It was about time that were said.

Were I prompted to demur, it would be on the score of editorial precipitancy, seeing that three of these soldier-diplomats are about to take charge of Moscow's main Peace Conference—surely an unique representation since Wellington in Paris ? Let us wait and see whether civilians are so utterly imperative to the conduct of world affairs.

On the other hand, the Americans are overdoing things, as usual. Not satisfied with the above quintette, the Land of Immoderation, or some of it, wishes to draft General Eisenhower as a Presidential candidate in 1948, and, if this champion international mixer either won't stand or is unable to do so on grounds of health, then either General Marshall or General MacArthur in his stead.

It does seem, one way or the other, that the next American President may be a soldier. Nor is this the end of the boom in American service-diplomats, since Admiral Leahy remains a grey eminence at the White House, where he has used his influence in favour of those religiously opposed to the Soviet ever since there was some slight delay in disconnecting him from Marshal Pétain in 1941 or 1942. At a pinch, one could add two more American sailors as being involved in world affairs : Vice-Admiral Kirk, Ambassador to Belgium, and Admiral Byrd, commanding a Task Force in the Cold Rush.

What do the American people think about all this ? Well, the magazine *Fortune* conducted a sort of Gallup poll among ex-Service readers, though I remain sceptical of the value of these soundings. The result was a substantial majority against both Eisenhower and MacArthur to succeed Truman : 30 per cent. opted for Eisenhower, and only 15 per cent. for MacArthur. In both cases the younger men, the less educated, and the other ranks, wanted a soldier more than did the older men, the more educated, and the officers. So the conclusion arrived at was that the party strategists could not gain much comfort from further intensive studying of the features of soldier might-be's.

Meanwhile it will be interesting to see what a soldier Secretary of State who has been one of the several high military leaders to profess a horror of war, does in the way of trying to prevent a recurrence of it within the next twenty or thirty years (none save deceitfully mouthing or silly, big-worded professional politicians use that banishing-war-for-all-time verbiage).

All time, forsooth ! No wonder we are in a mess when we have to put up with such talk from the people's elected leaders ! Marconi's perfecting may have blown us all up a bit, but not quite to the extent that all of us of the twentieth century —the turning of a stone on the beach beside the geological proof of time's antiquity—imagine ourselves to be the chosen solutionists of this presiding issue—the legalised right to kill—for All Time.

Especially will it be instructive to learn what the American military diplomatic trio do at Moscow, faced, as they will be, by a desire for national expansion akin to their own, on the part of the Russian soldier behind the scenes—or likely to be seldom on view.

Marshal Stalin, no honorary rank, tells his civilian Molotov and Vishinsky how to play chess each day with the wicked Westerners ; nor is that by any means the end of Soviet soldiers in diplomacy. The Red Marshals, all of them, are involved in world affairs, from the Marshal at Vladivostock to Commander-in-Chief Koniev and Chief of Staff Vassilevsky—who retired for two days from hosting Lord Montgomery's lemonade drinking, on the score of *malaise*. Maybe his strong atheism struck too resistant Cromwellian waves.

From Potsdam General Sokolovsky does much to mould Russian policy in Germany, as do his opposite numbers in Vienna, Budapest, Sofia and Bucarest, in respect of the politics of those capitals. It was also left to a soldier to be the first to take any serious Press notice of the Montgomery visit, and then only on the day before departure, when General Galaktionov told the great Soviet public of the visitor's victories from Alamein to Foggia, and Normandy to the Baltic. The visit, I see, was an achievement of the Labour Party Brains Trust ; or so one of its presumed members, Professor Laski, has been telling the Belgians.

Despite the handicap of their being fostered by this new menace, I think such visits by a most striking and curious character are more useful than the frothings of professional politicians who "cram" foreign affairs at top speed on being warned by their leader to stand by for office. This most successful soldier is respected for his straight dealing, straight speaking, straight acting characteristics, and it will be the same wherever he goes ; and he *is* going places of his own volition, notwithstanding the blarney he handed out to Anglo-American correspondents in Moscow, to the effect that "we soldiers are not like journalists—we can't just go running off all over the world."

What's that ?

At all events, worse things might happen than that the inspiration of a Montgomery should be called in one day to redress the balance likely to be bequeathed by some of our present all-at-once uprooting in the domestic sphere.

With "Monty" as the star performer, several other British soldiers are active in world affairs. There is Field-Marshal Smuts, who will carry on the tradition of South African soldier-premiers—Botha, Hertzog and himself—until the probable appearance of Dr. Malan at Pretoria, a few years hence. There are Viceroy Wavell and Governor-Generals Alexander and Freyberg. There are Generals Conyngham and Kennedy, in Palestine and Kenya (which may conceal an eventual African Aldershot). There is Sir Brian Robertson, the brains of our German Occupation, and a man who could do more if he were backed by a strong Cabinet administrator on the spot, like Sir John Anderson, long cut out for a Forequarters best located somewhere in the North-West Rhine.

Incidentally, my latest Control Commission report from Berlin shows but one civilian—Sir William Strang—among the eight first posts. And the Commission nominally replaced Military Government !

In the same way, high-ranking soldiers, sailors and admirals are up and down the United Nations organisations where they are bound to have a great, if not the main, say in armaments, atomics, and remoulding of the Services. Of the "Big" Four, "militarist" France least favours military leaders in politics and world affairs. General de Gaulle is being held at arm's length, despite his sterling qualities. General Koenig has been called over the coals for drawing too much attention to what was intended for the present to be pussyfooting in the Saar—a policy, to my mind, completely justified, as I find the entire French attitude to Germany corresponds with bare sense and justice. General de Lattre de Tassigny was shifted from the Occupation because of a touch of *grandeur*. Admiral d'Argenlieu has been under Left fire for his conduct of events in Indo-China. And that's the lot, General Mast having just been taken home from Tunis.

But look further and you will espy an intriguing collection of contemporary soldier-statesmen scattered round the two hemispheres.

I am sure I have overlooked several, but there is Premier-Marshal Tito throwing his weight about from Carinthia to Albania ; the ever-Christian Gentleman is going more strongly in Madrid, thanks to democratic denunciations ; there are Marshal Chiang and General Chou opposing each other in the Chinese civil war without apparent end ; there is General Peron recasting the whole role of Argentina in South America, manœuvring, some say, to achieve the open headship of that half of the western hemisphere by putting the heat on Brazil.

It will be interesting to see whether General Marshall reverses the heretofore American policy towards Peron, which has been one of restrained opposition.

Finally, there's old General Carmona, holding things together in Lisbon rather more than he has been given credit for ; and was not the Turkish President a first-rate soldier ?

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD VETERAN OF TWO CAMPAIGNS : Mikhail Belsky (right foreground), seen with some of his comrades on being admitted to the Soviet Union's Suvorov Military Academy at the start of a new term. Mikhail, when nine years old, was with the Red Guards during the fighting at the approaches to Berlin, and subsequently he took part in the short campaign against the Japanese in Manchuria. Four medals decorate his tunic

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY VORTREKKERS—THE ROUTES BY WHICH MOTORISTS HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO TRAVEL FROM BRITAIN TO THE CAPE : A sketch-map showing the two converging roads from north to south of the African Continent. Most of those who have essayed the journey, largely because they could not get passages by boat and yet had jobs waiting for them in South Africa, have motored down to Marseilles, crossed to Tunis and then taken the coast road to Alexandria and Cairo. After leaving Egypt the travellers have in many instances got into difficulties in the Sudan, and this has led to the Sudan Government issuing a statement that no more approvals for motor convoys would be issued until the whole question had been reviewed. Last October, when the first overlanders were setting out, the Automobile Association broadcast a plain warning to motorists with regard to the hazards of the journey, and urged that owners of single cars should not make the attempt to reach the Cape on their own. Last week it was reported that 7,000 more Britons were planning to embark on the journey, either by the Sudan route or through French Equatorial Africa. On the route across the Sahara and on the eastern route between Khartoum and Juba, roads are almost non-existent—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MILITARY ALIGNMENT WHICH HAS CAUSED MISGIVINGS IN SOVIET RUSSIA : A world sketch-map showing some of the principal British and United States bases, many of them developed in the Second World War. Recent Press reports have indicated that the two countries are completing plans for land, air, and sea co-operation, so that the forces of both nations, trained under a standardised system, would be able to move into action under the supreme command of one leader. Russia has made no direct comment on these reports, but recently Moscow's *New Times* devoted nearly its whole issue to articles on Anglo-U.S. relations. Field-Marshal Montgomery's visit to Washington at the end of 1946 had a marked bearing upon this alliance, but his subsequent stay in Moscow should have gone far to dispel Soviet misgivings

THE SOURCES OF BRITISH OIL SUPPLY—WHERE THE NATION DRAWS THE VITAL FUEL WHICH IS HELPING TO TAKE THE PLACE OF COAL IN TRANSPORT AND INDUSTRY : A sketch-map also showing the main routes by which the oil is conveyed to Britain. The projected double pipe-line across Saudi Arabia is of special importance both to England and America. This double line will travel from Dhahran, on the Persian Gulf, to Haifa. Each line will be 1,000 miles long and will cost approximately £31,000,000

CONTROLLING THE WATERS OF THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES : A sketch showing the plans which are being implemented on the two great rivers of Iraq in order to prevent the annual inundation of agricultural land. On the Euphrates, channels are being cut from Habbaniya Lake, and on the Tigris a dam is to be constructed—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

MAPS EXPLAIN THE NEWS

The Trek to the Cape : The Anglo-American Alignment : Our Oil Resources : Flood Prevention in Iraq

On left—For centuries the Tigris and Euphrates have provided a problem for the native agriculturists, but 1947 should witness notable improvements. It was announced in December that work on the construction of the Habbaniya flood-prevention project was to start at once with the excavation of the Dhibban outlet canal which will link the lake with the Euphrates. The full scheme provides for three channels from the lake and a barrage on the river. One channel will carry to Lake Habbaniya surplus river water during the flood season. A second channel, built some years ago, the Mujarah, will carry off the waters of the lake at danger-level. The Dhibban outlet will be used to carry the waters stored in the lake back to the Euphrates during the summer, and so permit irrigation. The work of controlling the second great river in Iraq, the Tigris, is not so far advanced, but preliminary borings for the great dam in Bekhme Gorge are nearing completion. This dam will prevent floods such as that which last year surrounded Baghdad

A NEW ASPECT OF GREEK GUERILLA FIGHTING—AIRCRAFT OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN SUPPLYING ARMS TO THE LEFT WING INSURGENTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MACEDONIA: An artist's impression of the scene as parachutes were dropped—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Throughout the autumn and winter, strongly-armed guerilla forces have been operating in the far north of Greece, particularly in the Macedonian area abutting upon Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Clearly the guerilla strategy has been to create a free zone in the north, and to set at naught completely the influence of the Athens Central Government. It has been known for some time that these guerillas have been receiving active support from beyond the border, notably from Bulgaria, and cases are on record of guerilla units, hard pressed by Greek Regular battalions, gaining sanctuary across the frontier and thus escaping almost certain annihilation. Now comes even more alarming news, and it is reliably reported from Athens that during December and January aircraft of unknown nationality violated Greek territory and supplied the guerillas with arms and ammunition by parachute. At the time of writing, the United Nations Commission is starting its inquiry into the Greek complaint regarding foreign support of the guerillas, and it is expected that the question of these "air drops" will figure largely in the Greek Government's evidence. During January the unknown aircraft were heard over Macedonia on several nights, and after spending about an hour above Greek territory they droned across the northern border

Three of the World's Trouble Spots

THE BALKANS, PALESTINE and INDO-CHINA Are in the News

When the Annamese supporters of the Viet Nam Republic, the new State carved from the French colonies of Indo-China, attacked the French garrison troops at the close of the year, there were high hopes that the fighting would end, as before, in speedy negotiation and that Viet Nam's progress towards independent status would continue with full French co-operation. But it was not to be. The Annamese sought at one blow to wipe out the French garrisons, no doubt hoping to drive the French right out of Indo-China and to bring the other States of Cambodia, Laos and Cochin China within their own federation. Since the first days of the fighting, when they were virtually surrounded in Hanoi, the French have fought back with determination, and Hanoi, the chief battleground, now presents scenes of wreckage and devastation reminiscent of the fighting in Europe in the last year of the war. Whole streets lie in ruins in the once-pleasant leafy city, with shops looted and trees down. The Annamites are well armed, having 75 mm. artillery to assist them

EVIDENCE OF THE WAY IN WHICH THE ANNAMESE PREPARED FOR THEIR ATTACK UPON THE FRENCH GARRISON IN HANOI, INDO-CHINA: A diagrammatic sketch illustrating the preparatory work which might have led to a massacre of the French forces. The Viet Minh supporters cut openings in walls to allow of communication between houses; underground house-to-house communications were dug; and posters were pasted over specially-prepared machine-gun loopholes. But for the last-minute information which led the French Command to confine all troops to barracks, it is probable that Hanoi would have fallen—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE HAIFA POLICE STATION OUTRAGE—THE SIX-STOREY BUILDING CLOAKED IN FLAMES AND WITH A SEARCHLIGHT PLAYING ON THE SCENE AFTER THE TERRORIST ATTACK: An artist's impression of what happened in the city following the explosion on Sunday, January 12—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The New Year in Palestine opened with a continuation of terrorism, and Irgun Zvai Leumi, using the radio to glorify its achievements, was more daring than ever in its attacks on troops and police. On the evening of January 12 the terrorists employed one of their number to execute a plan of some ingenuity. Using a stolen police van, laden with half a ton of explosives, wearing a stolen Palestine police uniform, and carrying forged identity papers, the terrorist managed to drive into the courtyard of the Haifa police headquarters without arousing suspicion. Having parked the van up against the police canteen, he lit the fuse and made a dash for safety. Five shots were fired at him, but he made his escape. Many police officers and men failed to reach safety before the van was blown up. Shortly after the explosion, which wrecked the canteen and living quarters, a fire broke out, and in his drawing Mr. Lambert shows Haifa illumined by the flames and also by the Mount Carmel searchlight which played upon the ruins in order to help the first-aid workers

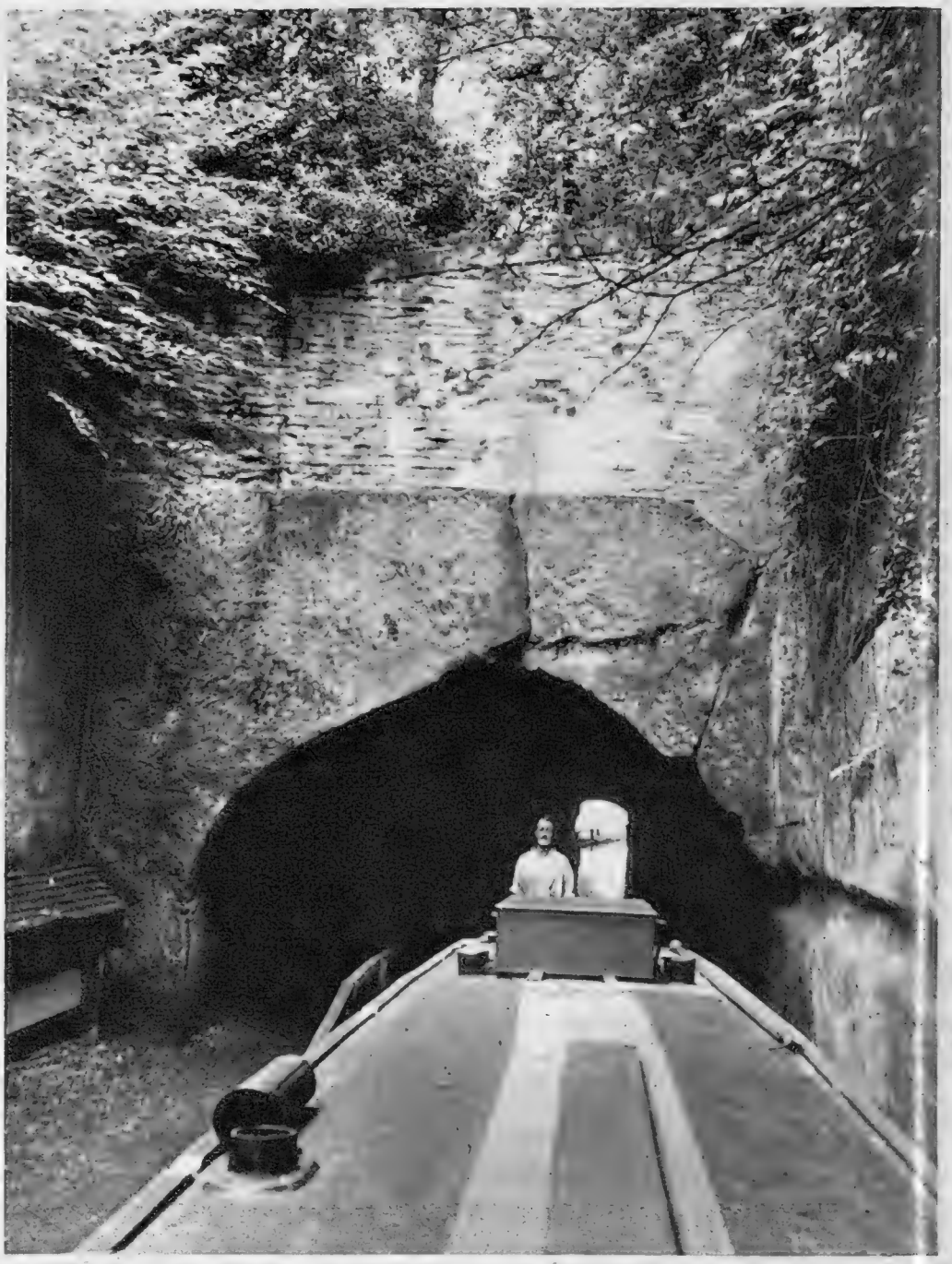
HANOI BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND—FRENCH TROOPS RUSHING AN ANNAMITE ROAD-BLOCK DURING THE FIERCE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THIS PLEASANT LEAFY CITY HAS BECOME THE SCENE OF PITIFUL DEVASTATION: In this bitter house-to-house and street-to-street fighting the French were gradually beginning to get the upper hand in the middle of January, and at the time of writing they are pushing the Annamese out into the suburban areas—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE FIGHT TO SAVE ENGLAND'S CANALS

Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., Champions the Inland Waterways at a Moment of Crisis

"MONKEY BOATS" ON A PICTURESQUE STRETCH OF THE OXFORD CANAL AT BANBURY: The barges "Friendship" and "Forget-me-not," typical of the craft which Sir Alan Herbert described in "The Water Gipsies," with their bows mirrored in the placid waters of the canal

The year 1947 is a time of crisis for the canals and inland waterways of England, and Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., that champion of the water gipsy and his way of life, is heading a vigorous campaign in his capacity as President of the Inland Waterways Association. Some of the canals of England are thoroughly up to date, the Grand Union, with its £1,000,000 improvement scheme in the '30's, being a notable example, but others are steadily falling into decay, and Sir Alan and his colleagues urge that the Government, in its transport nationalisation plans, should pursue a policy of restoration. Of recent years the tendency on the part of the railway companies has been towards the abandonment of the canals which came under their control, a policy that has been only too easy, but Sir Alan considers that these silent arteries of commerce in an age of noise can not only bring us great commercial benefit, but could at the same time be made available on a national scale for pleasure purposes



A CELEBRATED LINK BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN ENGLAND: A barge emerging from the Armitage Tunnel, on the Trent and Mersey Canal. It is possible to travel on this commercial artery from Eastham Locks on the Mersey via the five towns of the Potteries, to Derby and Nottingham, linking up en route with the Grand Union Canal from the Thames, and continue north to Hull and the Humber. Many of the barges on this particular section are motorised

AN INSTANCE OF NEGLECT: An untended lock with one of its gates in disrepair on a section of the Droitwich Barge Canal in the Midlands. Like many other canals in England, this one is in sad disrepair. One cause of the trouble has been the policy of abandonment pursued by the railway companies upon whom Parliament laid the obligation of maintaining the waterways

"HEATHER BELL" PASSES THROUGH TARDEBIGGE TOP LOCK: A coal barge in action on the canal between Worcester and Birmingham. This type of barge is able to carry 30 tons, and in the Midland coal area is widely used

AN OLD DRAWBRIDGE ON THE OXFORD CANAL: A simple gear operates the bridge and the bargees themselves do the raising and lowering as they pass. The Oxford Canal is one of the most beautiful in the country, passing through the heart of England and linking the upper reaches of the Thames with the Midlands. If the Government decides that, under nationalisation of transport, canals such as this are redundant, it is urged that the value of the waterways for pleasure traffic should be taken into account. A good example of this is provided by the Lancaster and Kendal Canal, which is enjoying a new lease of life as a result of the opposition of the municipality of Kendal to the Abandonment Bill promoted by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway

A HOUSEBOAT ON THE RIVER SOAR: A scene at one of the picturesque locks on the Leicester section of the Grand Union Canal system. The 30-ton monkey-boat is easily converted, and in these days of housing shortage numerous families have made their homes on the canals

AMID THE PEACE OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE: *Left*—The foot of the locks at Foxton, on the Leicester section of the Grand Union Canal. Moored near the white house on the left is a motor cabin-cruiser ideally suited for canal holidaymaking. All but the engine cockpit is decked in, providing ample cabin accommodation. The Inland Waterways Association urges that the waterways should be opened up for recreation. *Right*—A horse-drawn coal barge rounding a bend on the Oxford Canal. The horse is round the corner out of sight, and the bargee has the tiller hard over as he makes the almost right-angle turn

ALASKA'S CHICAGO — A BOOM TOWN ON THE FRINGE OF THE ARCTIC: This is Fourth Avenue, the business and shopping centre of Anchorage, which now has a population of 11,000, owing its importance in part to the fact that it is a refuelling and servicing-point on the United States aviation line to the Aleutians and the Orient. Anchorage has first-class shops and cinemas. If Alaska becomes a State in the American Union the town is expected to register a further phenomenal growth

A Foreign News Survey

ALASKA MAY JOIN THE U.S.A.

Icicles on Niagara; France and the Saar; the World's Biggest Transport

Alaska, purchased from Russia by the United States in 1867 at a cost of one penny per acre, at first became a district governed by the State of Oregon, and in 1912, by Act of Congress, it became a territory governed conjointly by Congress at Washington and by its own local Legislative Assembly. Now Alaska, like Hawaii, wishes to enter the Union as the forty-ninth or fiftieth State, and the plans drafted by the United States Secretary of the Interior are now awaiting the approval of Congress. If Alaska is admitted to the Union it will be America's largest State, being over twice the size of Texas, and there is plenty of room for settlers among its present population, estimated at 85,000. Alaska is growing apace, however, as witness the accompanying picture of the town of Anchorage, and many U.S. Army veterans are settling in this rich timberland and paradise for fur-trappers and fishermen. The completion of the Alaska Highway aided development

WINTER'S ICY HAND IS LAID UPON NIAGARA FALLS: A view of the celebrated falls during the height of the January cold spell. The water continued to thunder over the central portions, but at the sides massive icicles were formed. In the even colder winter of 1938 it will be recalled that the Falls View Bridge collapsed under the strain of the piled-up ice. The ice blocks poured over the cataract, doing damage estimated at £200,000 to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission's plant, and as they piled up, charges of dynamite had to be used to free the river. The engineers are always fully prepared for such conditions

THE ARTS THEATRE ON ITS SIX MONTHS' CONTINENTAL TOUR: Alec Clunes (left), Fay Compton and Jack Hawkins (right) arriving at the Negresco, Nice. They have been on their travels since September, receiving a big reception in Prague, and they are now entertaining winter visitors to the Riviera. Fay Compton, now over fifty, has been acting since 1911

THERE ARE STIRRINGS IN THE SAAR—THE MOVEMENT FOR UNION WITH FRANCE GAINS ADHERENTS: *Left*—Eric Herrmans, Fritz Pfordt, and Claus Becker (editor of "The New Saar") at their offices in Saarbrucken, where they direct the movement. *Right*—Saarlanders seeking membership forms

Ever since France threw a Customs barrier around the Saar territory two months ago, thus cutting the Saar off from the rest of the French Zone of Germany in order to prevent the miners' rations spreading throughout the German black market, there has been open talk that France means to bring the Saar into economic union and finally absorb the territory. This may or may not be so, and it is, at any rate, a matter which will in due course come before the United Nations, but meanwhile it is to be noted that some Saarlanders themselves are encouraging this union, and there is an active movement, headed by Fritz Pfordt, pledged to the cause of union. Numerous Germans are said to have joined

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH—THREE SMART GIRLS AT MANLY: It is summer-time "down under" in Australia, where the cricket season is in full swing, but not all the interest is focused on the Test matches, as witness this picture of Sydney's bathing beauties. Patricia Moore, Betty Townsend and Joan Miller are members of the North Steyne women's drill team, and they took part in a surf carnival at Manly Beach. Manly and its rival, Bondi, are Sydney's two most popular bathing resorts, playground of Sydney's sun-tanned city workers

AMERICA INTRODUCES A NEW LIAISON AIRCRAFT: The observer's rear cockpit, a gondola suspended below the wings and offering a first-rate field of observation, in the new Boeing L-15A, which has been designed for the Army ground forces. The L-15A will be used particularly for photographic reconnaissance and for artillery spotting and, with its Lycoming engine, it is able to cruise slowly over an area of ground while the artillery observer is recording the fall of shot. The taper of the gondola at the floor-line assists observation directly beneath the plane. The rear seat can be placed facing either forward or aft, and it can also be removed to provide a space for equipment if the pilot is flying single-handed. The undercarriage is of the tricycle type, with a single wheel at the rear

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE PARADE THEIR GIANT—THE XC-99 UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, AS A TRANSPORT FOR THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE: A view of the 110-ton double-decker's vast fuselage as the wing extensions were being added. She will be able to carry 400 troops

The XC-99 is to be the largest land-based plane in the world, and, as this picture shows, she is well on the way towards completion at San Diego, not very many miles from the anchorage where Howard Hughes is now putting the finishing touches to Hercules, his giant flying-boat which he constructed at Culver. The Vultee, a double-decker built on the double-bubble system of construction, is designed to carry 400 troops and their equipment or 45 tons of freight. The total wing-span will be 230 ft. and the machine will be powered by six Pratt and Whitney engines of 3,000 h.p. each. These will turn 19-ft. reversible-pitch propellers, and the plane will have a maximum range with reduced loads, of about 8,000 miles. In size the XC-99 is very considerably bigger than Britain's Brabazon, now completing at Filton, and she is nearly 20 tons heavier than Lockheed's Constitution

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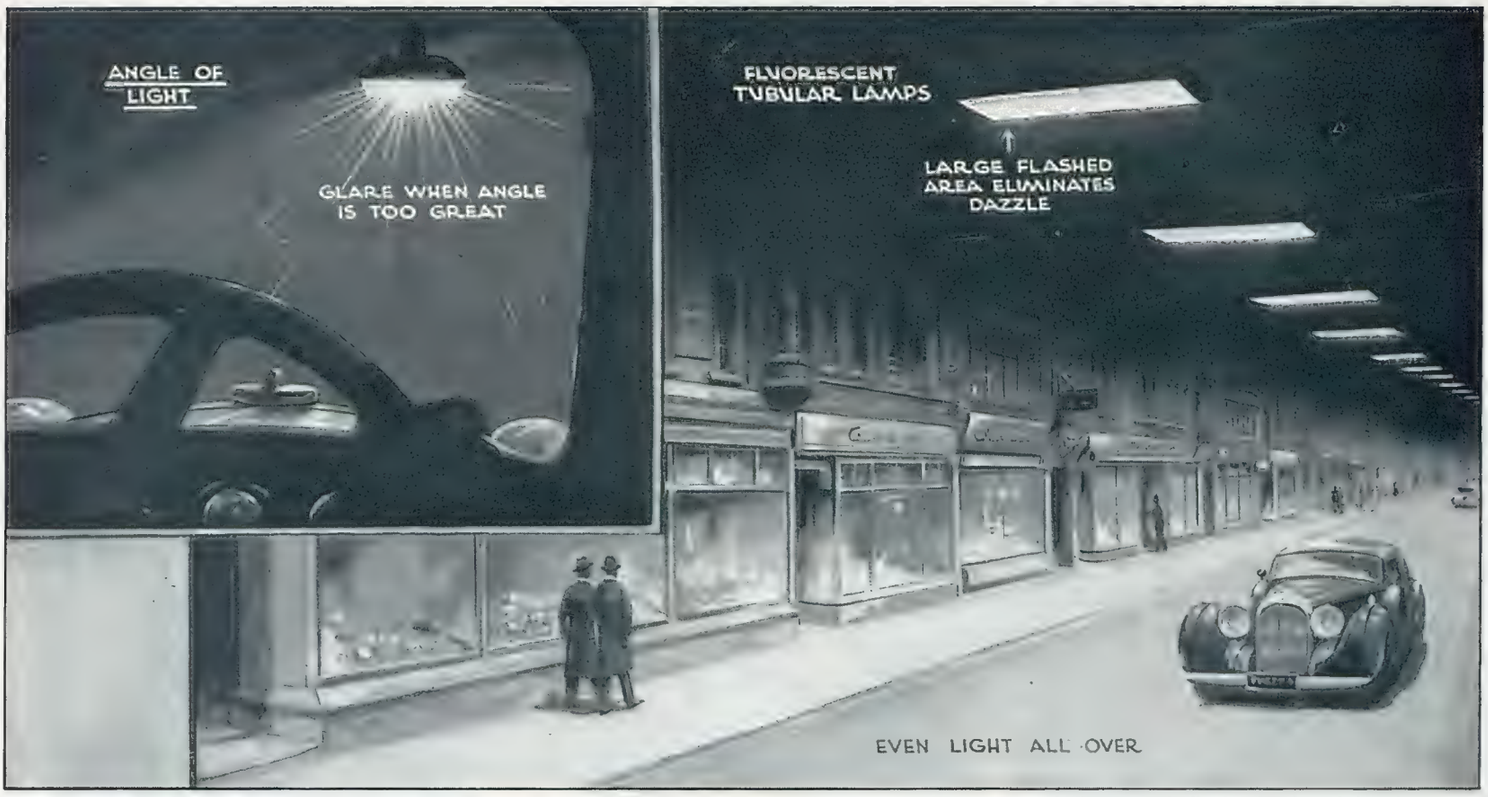


SOME PRINCIPLES OF STREET LIGHTING: If the light from a normal street lamp is emitted at too high an angle (say 85 degs.), it will cause glare. In the new fluorescent lighting, glare is entirely eliminated by the size of the flashed area (light-emitting surface)

PROBLEMS OF STREET LIGHTING

An Experiment with Fluorescent Tubular Lamps

The new lighting systems now in use in Bond Street and in the Brompton Road are an experiment in fluorescent tubular lighting carried out by Central London Electricity, Ltd. It is the first time that such lamps have been used in this country for street lighting. The advantages of the fluorescent lamp are many. It is an efficient lamp, giving about three times as much light as a normal Tungsten lamp using the same quantity of electricity. This is particularly important now because it is economic with regard to fuel consumption in the original production of the electric current. There is no glare, because the light-emitting surface is large (about forty times that of a normal existing type of good design). The colour of the light is good. In fact, any colour can be obtained by varying the mixture of the fluorescent powder which coats the inside of the tube. The lamps are used in banks of three or more units so that one or more can be cut out to effect further economy when full power of lighting is not required. The units are light in weight and can be suspended on cables between the buildings in a narrow street such as Bond Street. The disadvantages of fluorescent lighting are mainly in the question of cost. Taken over a period of ten years and allowing for depreciation, the cost is about the same as that of a Tungsten lamp (the normal incandescent, filament lamp), which is cheap to instal but more expensive to run. But, economically it compares unfavourably with a mercury vapour lamp or a sodium lamp, although both these types produce light of bad colour. Some people have taken exception to the appearance of the new lighting, as they consider that it does not blend well with old buildings—*Drawings by Roland Davies*

Below—**THE PROBLEMS OF GLARE AND OF PROPER SPACING: A powerful motor-car headlight can give a concentrated beam of 100,000 candle-power; a street-lighting unit will not give more than 3,000 candle-power so as to avoid glare. If lamps are spaced too far apart (for economy) and the angle of the beam is kept low to avoid glare, the result may be to cause pools of light as shown in the drawing below**

ONE OF THE NEW OIL-REFUELLING STATIONS: A Great Western Railway locomotive taking on oil fuel at Severn Tunnel Junction, on the main line from London to South Wales. With the conversion of 184 Great Western engines from coal- to oil-burning, these fuel stations have been set up at numerous strategic points throughout the system. The capacity of the refuelling stations varies from 24,000 gallons to 260,000 gallons

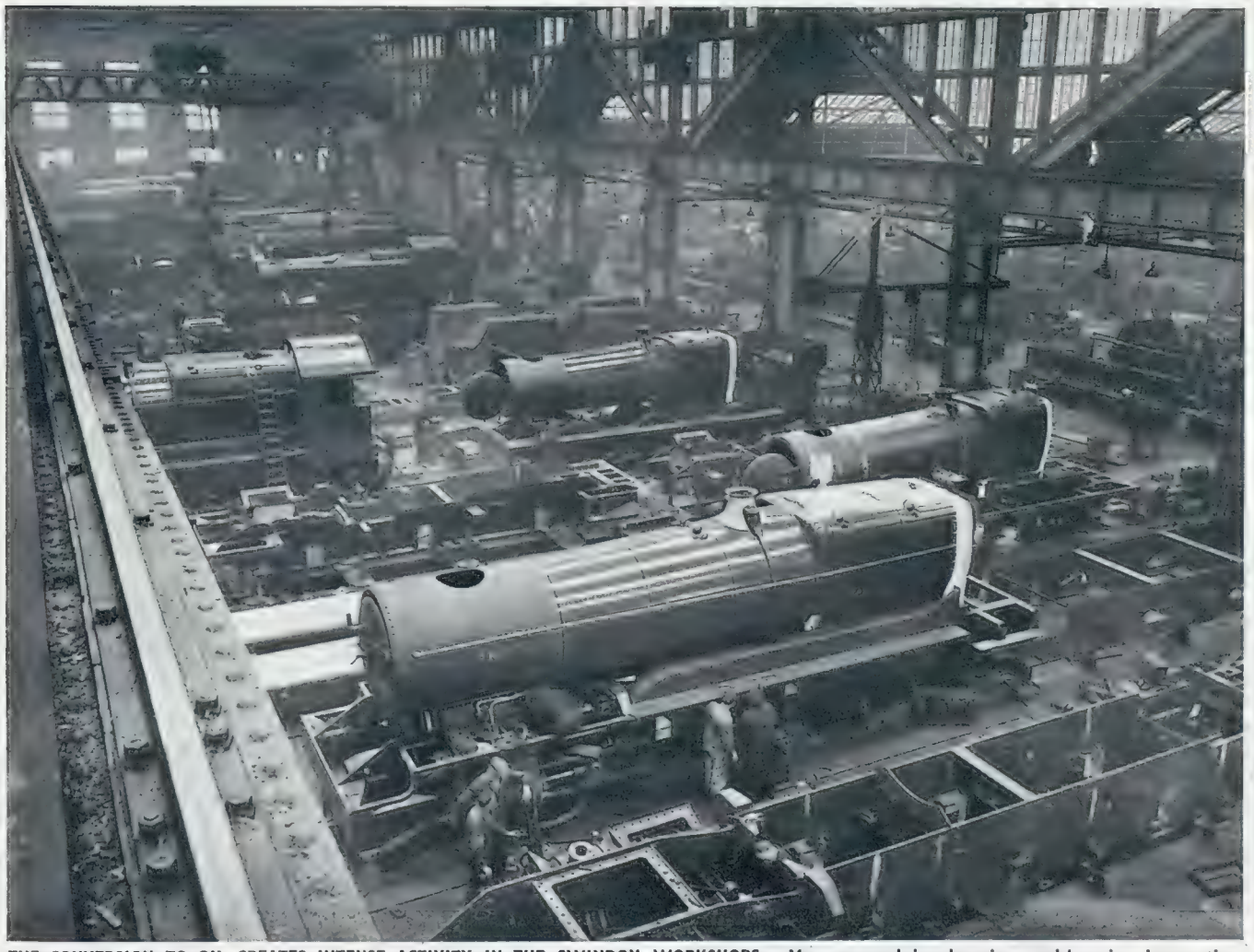
REFUELLING A G.W.R. TENDER: Connecting the main supply pipe from tank to tender, a much cleaner and more efficient operation than coaling. In addition, it saves vital fuel, and the four big British railways are hoping by their conversion of locomotives to oil-burners to save 1,000,000 tons in 1947. A tender can carry sufficient fuel for a main-line passenger journey of 250 miles. Nearly all conversions are on main-line engines

JUST A TAP TO TURN! Instead of continuously shovelling coal, the stoker of the oil-burning engine now sits at his controls, watches the oil-pressure gauge, and releases fuel-oil. The first Great Western passenger locomotive to be converted was the "Garth Hall"

OIL-BURNERS ON THE G.W.R.

Locomotives are Adapted for the New Method of Fuelling

All the big railway companies are now interesting themselves in the question of converting their main-line engines to oil-burners, and there is no doubt that this clean and efficient system of fuelling makes a wide appeal—not least to the stokers, upon whom the physical demands have always been great. During the war the Great Western Railway did some valuable pioneering with oil-fuel locomotives, using them to pull mineral trains in the South Wales coal area, and in 1946 they carried their experiments a stage farther with the conversion of the passenger locomotive *Garth Hall*. As a result of the success of these experiments, the Company is now engaged on a large-scale programme of conversion which, of course, involves the setting up of oil-refuelling stations at various strategic points on the line. It is hoped by conversion to oil that the four big railway companies will save 1,000,000 tons of coal in 1947. The programme will probably be expanded in 1948



THE CONVERSION TO OIL CREATES INTENSE ACTIVITY IN THE SWINDON WORKSHOPS: Men engaged in changing coal-burning locomotives into oil-burners. The second stage of the Great Western's programme will bring the total of conversions to 184. The Ministry of Supply, in view of persisting shortages, has co-operated in providing the necessary steel for the conversion programme

THE BATTLESHIP "VANGUARD" WITH HER ESCORTING CRUISERS "DIADEM" AND "CLEOPATRA"—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE GIANT WARSHIP ON THE FIRST STAGE OF HER VOYAGE WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY TO THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: To mark the occasion she carries the Union flag at her bows and the White Ensign at the stern. She has the Royal Standard at her mainmast and the Lord High Admiral's flag at her foremast. Above one of the forward gun-turrets can be seen the dais, where the Royal Family will stand as the "Vanguard" enters and leaves harbour—*From a Painting by Montague Dawson*

To-day, February 1, H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's newest and mightiest battleship, leaves Portsmouth with the Royal Family at the start of the three months' tour of the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia. For months *Vanguard* has been preparing for the great day, and after structural modifications, the Admiral's quarters being adapted for the use of the King and Queen and the Princesses, she left before Christmas for a "shake-down" cruise to Gibraltar, thus preparing her crew for the task ahead. As *Vanguard* heads down-Channel to-day she will be accompanied by her escort of two cruisers, the *Diadem* and the *Cleopatra*, and other units of the Home Fleet. At the same time, an R.A.F. escort will be flying overhead on the opening stages of the journey. The voyage to South Africa will take exactly seventeen days, and there will be no halts en route. This should leave ample margin in the event of storms or severe fog, as before the war the South African mail-boats had no difficulty in making the passage in fourteen days. On arrival at Cape Town on February 17 the Royal Family will be met by the Prime Minister, Field Marshal Smuts, and after six days in the southern capital—for such it is during the Parliamentary sittings—they will start on a tour of the Union, in which they will travel many thousands of miles by road, rail and plane before arriving back in Cape Town on April 19.

THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "IMPLACABLE" AND DESTROYER "ST. JAMES"—TWO MORE ESCORTING VESSELS WHICH ARE ACCOMPANYING H.M.S. "VANGUARD" ON THE FIRST STAGES OF HER JOURNEY TO CAPE TOWN: The "Implacable," name-ship of her class and bearer of an honoured name in the history of the Royal Navy, is a carrier of 23,000 tons, and she is one of the most modern vessels of her kind, having been completed in 1944. The "St. James" is even more up to date, having been completed in June 1945. She belongs to the Battle class, designed essentially for Pacific service—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

H.M.S. "VANGUARD" TAKES THE ROYAL FAMILY TO THE CAPE

The Start of the Tour of South Africa

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S LOUNGE ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROYAL TRAIN : An interior view of one of the eight magnificently-equipped coaches in which the King and Queen and the Princesses will travel on part of their tour of the Union. The walls are panelled in English walnut, and the small tables and other fitments are in walnut and sycamore. The carpet is hand-made, and the windows have silk curtains with decorative pelmets. Indirect lighting is diffused from the ceiling. The coaches were built at the Saltley works of the Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Company, and on completion the King and Queen visited Birmingham in order to inspect them. Two similar coaches have been ordered by Field Marshal Smuts for his own official journeys as Premier of South Africa

THERE WILL BE NAVAL ESCORTS FROM PORTSMOUTH TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE : A sketch-map showing the arrangements for the accompanying of the "Vanguard" on her voyage with the Royal Family. It was arranged that as *Vanguard* left Portsmouth this morning units of the Home Fleet should meet her off St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight. When the Home Fleet parts company with the *Vanguard* to start its annual spring cruise, the cruisers *Diadem* and *Cleopatra*, the aircraft-carrier *Implacable*, and the destroyer *St. James* will continue as escorts, acting in this capacity until the latitude of Freetown. After crossing the line, escort duty will be taken over by the cruiser *Nigeria*, flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron, and she will accompany the *Vanguard* until she meets the South African Squadron, which will consist of two Royal Naval sloops and three frigates. The vessels will form a close escort during the last stage of the journey, ending in Table Bay on February 17

THE FLEET OF ROYAL DAIMLERS : The five 36-h.p. "Straight Eights" which will be used during the Royal tour and were shipped to Cape Town after being exhibited in London at the end of last year. The fleet comprises two landaulettes, two limousines, and one open car, all with Hooper coachwork. While in Africa, the King and Queen will have several modes of travel, the Royal train and Vikings of the King's Flight being used for all longer journeys

GARRICK, JOHNSON and IRVING

Three Celebrated Londoners in the News

AN APPEAL TO RESTORE GARRICK'S MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE : This column, with its figures representing Shakespeare, tragedy, comedy and the dance, was set up in the grounds of the Manor of Hendon by David Garrick and records the great actor's appreciation of the great playwright. From 1756 Garrick was Lord of the Manor of Hendon. In modern times road development has divided the property, and the monument now lies isolated and neglected in a field no longer attached to Hendon Hall, which itself is in good condition. The local Historical Society for Mill Hill and the Archæological Society for London and Middlesex are the bodies now interesting themselves in the column's restoration

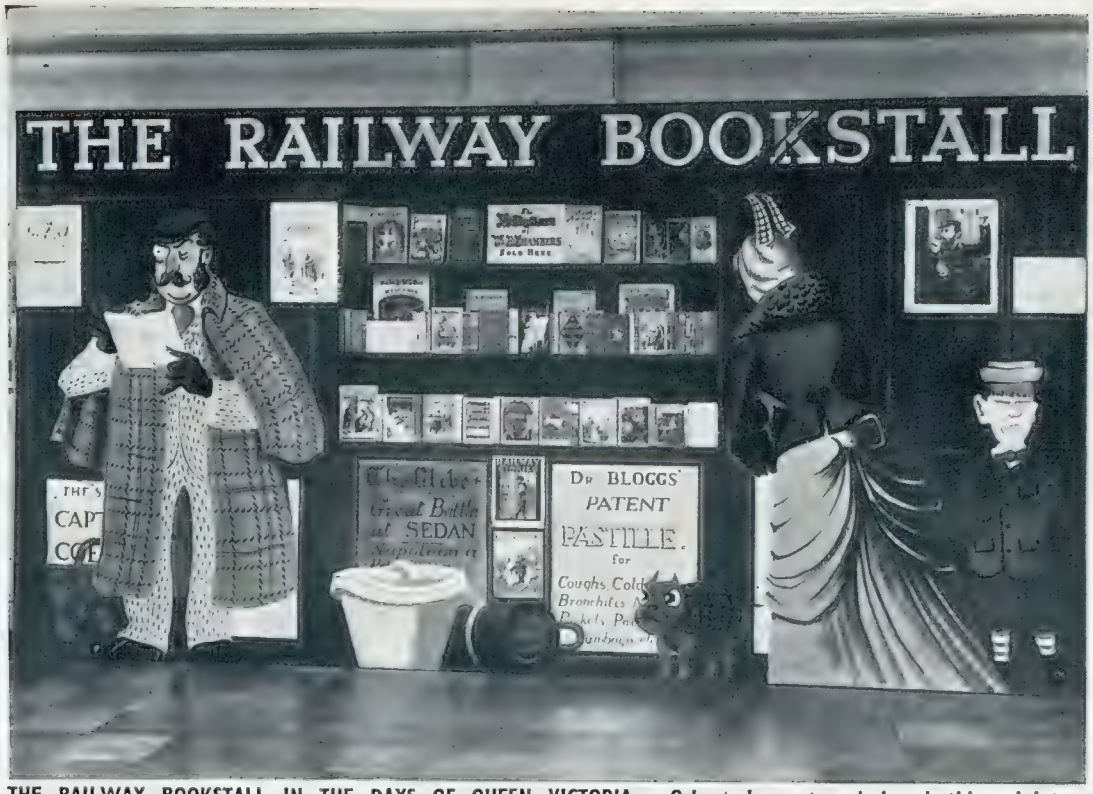
WHERE JOHNSON WROTE HIS CELEBRATED DICTIONARY AND EDITED "THE RAMBLER" —NO. 17, GOUGH SQUARE, PART-VICTIM OF THE BLITZ, IS BEING REPAIRED : Workmen are now busy on this famous house, which lies just off Fleet Street, the Ministry of Works having granted a permit for its renovation after damage during air raids, which has been accentuated by neglect. The first portion to receive attention is the attic, in which Johnson worked with his six amanuenses. The Gough Square house was opened to the public in 1914, after it had been bought and restored by Cecil Harmsworth. Johnson's occupancy lasted from 1748 to 1759, and it was there that he wrote *Irene*, only read, said Sir Leslie Stephen, "by men in whom an abnormal sense of duty has been developed." From the front door of Gough Square, we are told, Johnson, arrayed in scarlet waistcoat and rich gold-laced hat, departed to see the first performance at Drury Lane. It was put on by his old friend Garrick. From 1750 Johnson brought out *The Rambler* at Gough Square on Tuesdays and Saturdays—price 2d. The circulation was about 500 copies per issue

HENRY IRVING MAKES HIS BOW AGAIN IN THEATRELAND : Men engaged in cleaning the statue of the celebrated actor after the removal of the brick blast-walls which protected it during the war years. The statue stands on the open space in front of the National Portrait Gallery. While it was bricked up it was wrapped in sacking, and the members of the Green Room Club shouldered the expense of its protection. Irving, like Garrick, essayed most of the greater Shakespearean roles, and he undoubtedly had a wider range of impersonation than any other English-speaking actor of his period. As villain, expressing brutality, malignity, contempt, fear and horror, he was always in his element

THE PLAN TO EXPAND HAMPSTEAD HEATH : The pleasant Regency house known as Heathlands which is on one of the two private estates which the Hampstead Heath and Old Hampstead Protection Society hope to purchase for £26,000. The two estates cover a total of 3½ acres, and they will constitute an important addition to the public area. Heathlands was once the residence of Mr. H. B. Figgis, late chairman of the Protection Society. The other property was once occupied by Mr. Gladstone

FICTION IN THE AGE OF VICTORIA

An Exhibition of Original Editions at the National Book League Headquarters



THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALL IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA : Osbert Lancaster designed this miniature pastiche which adorns the Exhibition of Victorian Fiction now being held at the headquarters of the National Book League at No. 7, Albemarle Street. The exhibition emphasises the attractive standards of book-production half a century and more ago. The Railway Libraries did not always reach high standards in letterpress printing, but the covers, as Mr. Lancaster's stall reveals, were well calculated to attract the attention of passing buyers. Cover colour schemes were usually red, yellow and black

HOW FICTION WAS SOLD IN PART ISSUES : The complete numbers of Sheridan le Fanu's "The Fortunes of Torlogh O'Brien," and, beside them, the bound volume of a complete edition of the same work. The illustrations were by "Phiz." These part issues are not common only to Victorian times, having been issued since the early part of the eighteenth century. Charles Dickens saw his *Pickwick Papers* published most successfully in part-issue form

ONE OF THE GREAT THREE-DECKERS : George Eliot's "Romola," described as "by the author of 'Adam Bede,'" as Smith Elder published it in three-volume form. George Eliot, even in her own day, was a recognised literary star

VICTORIAN BOOK-PRODUCTION WAS GAY AND BOOK PUBLISHERS SOUGHT TO CATCH THE EYE : *Left*—A selection of brightly-bound volumes including Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," published by the still-thriving firm of Sampson Low. *Centre*—A typical example of the illustrated work which adorned the books of the period. The wood engraving is by Dalziel after a drawing by Millais. *Right*—Magazines which were notable purveyors of fiction in the '80's and '90's

PARLOUR BOOKCASE : A representative collection of Victorian literature as it might have been displayed in the '70's or '80's. Here the visitor to the Exhibition of Victorian Fiction can see, in bulk, the sort of books bought by well-to-do devotees of the novel. Three-deckers were much to the fore in those days

VICTORIAN NOVELISTS WERE DEVOTED SUBJECTS : Volume I of Disraeli's "Lothair" and a copy of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" presented to Queen Victoria by the authors. Disraeli signed himself "a grateful subject," and Dickens wrote on the flyleaf in similar vein. On the inside of the cover of *Pickwick* is a Balmoral bookplate with the Royal cypher

The pendulum of fashion swings from time to time upon a wider arc, and so it was in Victorian days, when the classic simplicity of the Georgian era gave way to a glad exuberance. That the legend of late Victorian vulgarity is not without foundation there is no gainsaying, but visitors to the newly-opened Exhibition of Victorian Fiction staged by John Carter at the National Book League headquarters, 7, Albemarle Street, may well form the view that in the realm of book-production the era as a whole was one of artistic achievement. This is a fascinating exhibition, and in the period covered (1837-1901) we are able to see every phase of literary output from the noble three-decker, the standard form of fiction-publishing for many years, to the part issue, which became the vehicle of many a masterpiece, including *Pickwick Papers*. The Victorian era, we are shown, brought a hitherto unknown liveliness to book-production with the displacement of the pallid dignity of semi-permanent boards by paper spine-labels, brightly-coloured cloths and the lavish use of gold. Further, it saw the invention of wood-block printing in colours, and this led in turn to increasingly elaborate experiments with book covers and illustrations. Of particular interest is the railway bookstall of the '70's, which gives a good idea of the numerous cheap-fiction series, yellow backs and the like, which used to adorn our station platforms. On its shelves and counter are set out a number of books, periodicals, etc., such as would have been available to the traveller at some not-too-precise date between 1860 and 1880. The news poster on the stall, it will be noted, actually proclaims the Battle of Sedan, but all the books displayed do not belong to the year of the downfall of the third Napoleon.

Home News in Pictures

LAST WEEK in LONDON and the PROVINCES

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT A LONDON HAT SHOW: The Princess watching the parade of models during a visit to the Dorchester Hotel to see the new spring designs, which show a definite trend in favour of bigger off-the-face hats. Princess Elizabeth herself wore a new blue halo hat in a hyacinth shade, the open crown being swathed with a fall of plaited silk. During their last days in England before departure for South Africa in the "Vanguard," the Royal Family carried through a more than usually active programme of engagements

THE DUKE OF KENT HAS A GO ON THE DODGEMS: Prince Edward enjoying himself on a solo run on the bumping cars during a visit to Mr. Butlin's fun fair attached to the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. Accompanied by his tutor, he later went on one of the scenic railway cars, and he also tried his hand as a shot on the miniature rifle-range

ASPECTS OF DE-NAZIFICATION AS IT IS NOW BEING CARRIED OUT IN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMPS AND TRAINING CENTRES IN BRITAIN: *Left*—The reading-room in a Nissen hut at the camp at Radwinter, near Saffron Walden, Essex, which is being run by the War Office and the Control Office for Germany. The camp has been set up for the re-education of Germans in order to give them an idea of the democratic way of life. Over the door is a placard bearing the words, "Everyone must have his own convictions." *Right*—German civilian visitors to the Wilton Park Training Centre for prisoners of war at Beaconsfield. These civilians, from various cities and towns in the British Zone of Occupation, are attending a six-weeks' course at the Centre. Politicians, doctors, and journalists are among the professional men represented, and it is hoped that when the men go back to Germany they will help the spread of democratic ideals

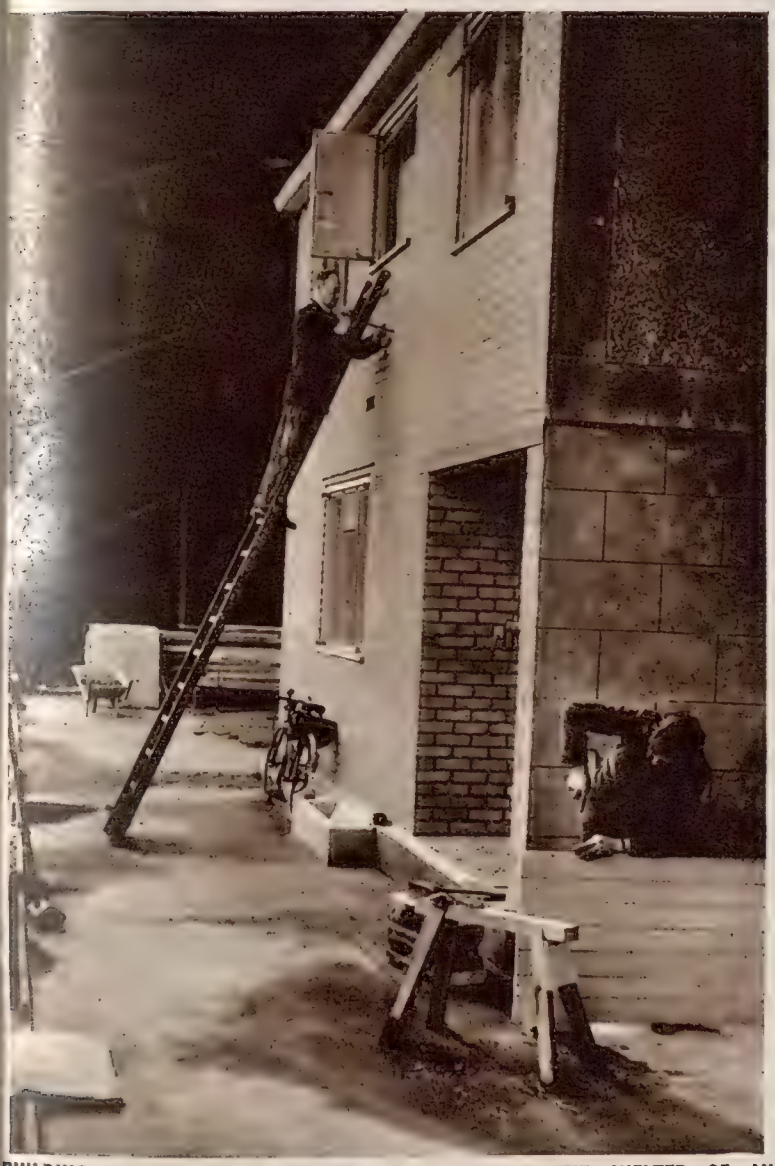
A FAMOUS WEST COUNTRY REGIMENT GOES ABROAD, AND SOME OF THE WIVES GO TOO: Sergeant Franklin and a corporal of the Gloucesters carry a pram up the gangway of the troopship and Mrs. Franklin follows. This picture was taken at Southampton as the advance party of thirty-five wives went aboard the S.S. "Carthage." The regiment turned up in force on the following day, and it has now sailed for the West Indies, where it is to start a routine tour of overseas duty

THESE BOMBS ARE A PUBLIC MENACE: A roadside dump of the United States Army Air Force on a highway between Shepley and Penistone, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The bombs have been emitting poisonous fumes, and some residents in the neighbourhood have brought out their wartime gas-masks whenever passing the spot. Ministry of Supply experts who have visited the dump confirm the fact that some of the bombs are leaking. Subsequent protests by the residents have led to the Denby Council writing a strong note to the Ministry of Supply asking for the dump to be removed immediately. Even now the area is still placarded with American warning signs, so it is to be assumed that the bombs were regarded as a potential danger even when new. In their present state of rust and decay, it is probable that they are more dangerous

THIS WILL BE THE DARK BLUE SPEEDBOAT: A busy scene in the Hammersmith boathouse of Mr. George Sims, where the Oxford boat for the University race is now under construction. Seldom have there been so few alterations to a crew during the early stages of practice as there have been this year at Oxford, and with the President and four Old Blues available, Oxford have high hopes of repeating their triumph of 1946. The crew, it seems, will again consist largely of lightweights

SALMON-FISHING HAS OPENED ON THE RIVER TAY: The caption accompanying this picture states that Miss Betty Auld, manageress of the local hotel, is about to break a bottle of whisky over the bows of one of the fishing-boats, thus opening the salmon-fishing season in traditional style. Whether she was restrained is not certain, but at any rate the local anglers and boatmen raised their glasses and drank the toast of "Tight lines," just as they did in the days before the war

THE BLACK SEAL WHICH SWAM INTO THE HEART OF ENGLAND: Mr. Anderson, of Houghton, standing, gun in hand, beside the seal which he had just shot in the waters of the River Ouse at Hemingford. The seal, measuring 4 ft. long and 2 ft. in girth, swam inland 100 miles to the place where it was shot. Twenty years ago, near this spot, a relative of Mr. Anderson caught a sturgeon



BUILDING WITHOUT TEARS—ERECTING A HOUSE IN THE SHELTER OF AN AEROPLANE HANGAR: This two-storey dwelling is being put up near County Hall, Westminster, by building trade trainees from the Government training centre near Kidbrooke. The house is to be used for experimental purposes. The bricks used in its construction originally formed part of the blast walls built for the protection of property in the blitz, and the concrete is made from crushed debris

BUILT AS SHOW PIGSTIES, BUT USED AS DWELLINGS: Tenants standing outside the so-called chalets which were the subject of a recent award by the Rent Tribunal at Leatherhead, Surrey. The chalets, which are on the Cobham road at Fetcham, were rented by Mr. J. E. Tompkins for as much as £1 a week, but the Tribunal ordained that 6s. a week was a proper rent. The tenants have been given security of tenure for three months. Mr. Tompkins declared subsequently that he had no intention of letting the chalets as dwellings, but that he had received so many applications that he felt impelled to do so

HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPHY STOPS MOTION

Flashes of 1/10,000th Second and Less Produced These Pictures

PLAYING-CARDS STOPPED IN MID-AIR: The new electronic unit developed by the U.S. Navy has a flash of 1/10,000th second. The shutter of the camera can be set for 1/200th second or less, using a flash of 1/10,000th second

BALLET DANCERS STOPPED IN MID-AIR: A photograph taken with a high-speed stroboscopic light, giving an exposure of 1/30,000th second. This remarkable picture was taken in Chicago recently, during a rehearsal of the *Ballet Russe*. The dancers are Dokoudovsky, Stepanova and Sroganova. It will be noted that even the movement of the fingers and the swirl of the ballerinas' skirts have been stopped by the camera

High-speed photography has been developed for many years; each step bringing more detail of movement that had only been guessed at before. Research carried out during the war has produced further advances. U.S. Navy photographers are to be equipped with high-speed electronic flash-lamps that operate at three-second intervals. The Service model has been developed by the Naval Research Laboratory, Airborne Co-ordination Group

NOT A ONE-MAN BAND BUT AN AMERICAN CAMERA-MAN GOING INTO ACTION: A Paramount news photographer invents his own lighting system. The quality of photographs taken in artificial light is governed largely by the amount of light available and the speed of the flash-lamp

ONE SKATER, FIVE TIMES: Jimmy Cæsar leaps the barrels. In this picture, taken during the *Ice Show* at the Center Theatre in New York, the high-speed camera has made five separate exposures in the few seconds elapsing between the take-off and the landing. In the centre figure, spatterings of ice can be seen flying off the skates while the stunt skater is in full flight

THE QUICKNESS OF THE CAMERA DOES NOT DECEIVE THE MAGICIAN: Robert Harbin and Jasper Maskelyne stand the test of high-speed photography. In the picture *above*, Robert Harbin shoots a pack of cards from one hand to the other. *On the right*, Jasper Maskelyne deftly strikes a tray from under four eggs, which drop neatly into the four glasses. The two well-known illusionists were appearing in the Christmas show at the Victoria Palace, *Hey Presto*, which contained many familiar tricks and some new ones for its enthusiastic audiences

BUSHMAN HAS ENGAGING WAYS: Two recent pictures of the celebrated ape which was captured in 1929 and has spent the greater part of its life as No. 1 exhibit at Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago. Bushman was found in French Equatorial Africa

"BUSHMAN" is EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD

Chicago's Giant Ape Continues to Thrive at Lincoln Park Zoo

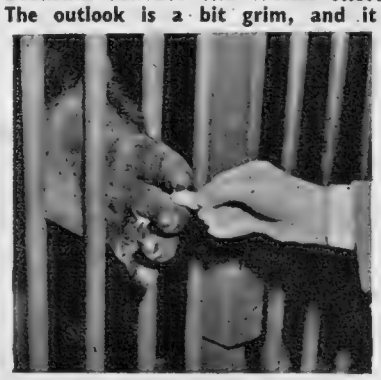
The celebrated Dayton trial in the '20's, when the great William Jennings Bryan attacked Darwinian theories on the origin of man, will not be forgotten in America in this century. A few years later, when feeling in the Middle West still ran high and men and women were still arguing whether man was or was not descended from the apes, Bushman arrived at Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago. Ever since, Bushman has been No. 1 exhibit, tens of thousands of people visiting its cage every year, the more reflective among them possibly speculating upon man's misty past, the majority enjoying the antics of this colossus cast in man's image. Only recently at the St. Louis meeting of American zoologists it was declared that Bushman was the most outstanding and valuable single animal of its kind in captivity in the world. It is certainly one of the most pampered animals in captivity.

Bushman, now eighteen years old and weighing 550 lbs., was captured in 1929 by J. L. Buck, a wild-animal dealer. In 1930 Buck brought the 38-lb. baby to the Lincoln Park Zoo, and it was turned over to Keeper Edgar Robinson. Robinson gave the gorilla babe a warm shower each morning, a vegetable, fruit and milk diet three times a day, and exercised Bushman on the Zoo lawn. This personal contact Robinson maintained until Bushman tipped the scales at 180 lbs. Then, one day, the gorilla protested as Robinson prepared to leave the steel-barred cage. After some persuasion and trickery, Robinson managed to leave, and he has remained at a safe distance ever since.

Although mostly as gentle and good-natured as Ferdinand the Bull, occasionally Bushman gets into a huff if the keeper speaks first to a chimpanzee neighbour, retaliating by hunger-striking for three or four days.

BUSHMAN NEVER TYRES! At the command of the keeper the great ape does a favourite parlour trick. Bushman's brain is only half the size of a man's brain. The great ape has an enormous appetite, and eats 20 lbs. of food every day, including wholewheat bread, fruit and vegetables. Two gallons of milk are also on the menu

BUSHMAN SURVEYS THE WORLD FROM BEHIND BARS IN CHICAGO ZOO: The outlook is a bit grim, and it is a long wait between meals



A TIT-BIT THROUGH THE BARS: Bushman's giant hand emerges to receive a peanut from one of the keepers at Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. The markings on the hand, it will be noted, are clearly defined

WHAT IS THE ATLANTIC BLUE RIBAND?

A Speed Record in which British Shipping Men Take No Official Interest

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the springtime only a month away, the century-old subject of the blue riband of the Atlantic is bound to come up for discussion once again, especially as the *Queen Mary* will be back on the Atlantic run in her peacetime colours before the summer is over.

Nobody knows the origin of the phrase, though it is clearly adapted from Disraeli's description of the Derby as being the blue riband of the Turf. It was twelve years ago that the late Mr. Harold K. Hales, M.P. for Handley, and the original of Arnold Bennett's novel *The Card*, decided to try to immortalise himself by providing a large silver trophy to be presented temporarily to the shipping company one of whose ships held the current record for crossing the Atlantic in the shortest time. Mr. Hale chose the moment for this publicity scheme when the Italian liner *Rex* had crossed the Atlantic faster than any previous ship, and he duly received from Mussolini a "thank-you" letter in the Duce's own handwriting. It is of minor consequence that before the trophy could be handed to the Italian shipping line, the *Normandie* had already surpassed the record and was therefore the recipient of the 4-ft.-tall trophy.

Before embarking on his stunt, Mr. Hales had organised a committee—the chairman of which was the Duke of Sutherland—to work out various details, rules and regulations governing the award. From the outset the Cunard White Star refused to have anything whatsoever to do with this garish project. The late Sir Percy Bates made it clear that he regarded the whole thing as being most undesirable. He refused "to allow his vessels to convert the ocean into a race-track." He regarded Mr. Hales's stunt as "an undesirable element at variance with the regulations issued to commanders for a hundred years." This opinion was recently expressed once again by his brother, Mr. Frederick A. Bates, who succeeded him as chairman of the Cunard White Star. "Why should we waste oil and money, and cause unnecessary wear and tear to our engines in order to beat ourselves?" he asked rhetorically. And the question being rhetorical, there could naturally be no reply.

The silence, indeed, was all the more justified by the present state of this country's fuel shortage. The economic cruising speed of both the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary* is in the neighbourhood of 28 knots, and the extra cost of oil in bumping the overall speed to 31 or 32 knots (quite apart from 35 knots) is geometrically progressive and therefore financially silly, for every day it becomes more and more clear that at least from October to March transatlantic flying offers no incentive to anybody in a hurry. The delay in starting from Heathrow (or Hurn); the similar prospect of delay at Shannon Airport; followed by similar delays at Gandar (Newfoundland), produce the situation whereby only those people who are not sufficiently important to cross the Atlantic by the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *America* are compelled to fly. In which connection, the *America* cannot hope to compete with the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *Queen Mary* in making the fastest voyage between the United States and Europe. It is, indeed, a sad reflection on American seamanship that the last serious attempt to win the mythical blue riband of the Atlantic made by the U.S. was in 1852—nearly 100 years ago.

But what is the blue riband of the North Atlantic? There is no real answer, if only because the various European shipping lines have never been able, owing to their different geographical positions, to decide on a fixed point at this end of the Atlantic from which the passage to the Ambrose Lightship should be reckoned. The Italians, for example, naturally used Gibraltar as the point from which their speed records began. For a long time the German lines and the Cunard White Star used Cherbourg as the unofficial starting-point; while the French originally selected Plymouth. Shortly before the war it was generally agreed that Bishop Rock (where the B.B.C. commentator was marooned) might be regarded as the starting-point on an east-to-west passage, and as the finishing-post for the reverse voyage.

In front of me is the first real comprehensive list ever compiled of the fastest passages of various Atlantic liners, whether west-bound or east-bound, since 1891. It is much too long to quote in detail, nor is there space to give any real account of the times taken by ships crossing the Atlantic before that date. In the sixteenth century ships took about four months to complete the Atlantic crossing, and it was not until the beginning of the last century that any organised regular passenger route across the Atlantic was established—*via* the Black Ball Line of New York, which inaugurated sailings with a fleet of clippers averaging a month between New York and Liverpool. Even a century ago passengers intending to cross the Atlantic were advised to take not only their own lemons, wine and sweet-smelling herbs, but also their own cows; although the Cunard liner *Britannia*, which used her sails as much as her engines, did, in fact, cross from Liverpool to Boston in 14 days 8 hours, at an average speed of 8·19 knots, which passage is generally accepted as the first authentic record.

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": Captain C. M. Ford, who has taken the place of Commodore Sir James Bisset in charge of the great liner. Captain Ford knows the "Queen Elizabeth" well, having relieved Sir James Bisset from time to time, and he has a long and distinguished record in the Merchant Service

The same year the *Acadia*, a sister-ship, reduced the time by over three days, whereupon the *Britannia* further reduced the length of passage to exactly ten days—with an average speed of 10·72 knots.

These early records afford a striking contrast to the *Queen Elizabeth's* record time in August 1938 of 3 days 20 hours and 42 minutes, at an average speed of 31·69 knots. On that occasion a reporter on a national newspaper was so thrilled by her arrival that he mixed almost every metaphor possible in his description of "Her razor bows sending up a 20-ft. eyebrow of foam. . . . Behind her boiled a creamy wake that trailed back half a mile and slowly lost itself in two creases . . ."

Except, however, in the matter of the size of ships, the advance in speed has been quite steady throughout the last 100 years. On only five occasions has the average speed been increased by more than one knot. The first time it was in 1851, when the U.S. liner *Pacific* won the record with a speed of over 13 knots, taking it from the Cunarder *Europa* which had achieved something over 11 knots three years previously. It was not until 1894 that this achievement was repeated, when the *Lucania* increased her own speed of 20-odd knots to nearly 22 knots. The next time, strangely enough, was when another Cunarder—the *Mauretania*—beat her own record by crossing at nearly 25 knots compared with 23-odd knots. The *Mauretania* was unique in holding the blue riband for twenty-two years until the *Bremen*, in 1929, surpassed this speed by over a knot.

As regards size, there was a slow but steady increase for half a century from the *Britannia's* 11,540 to the 12,950 tons of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* in 1897. But four years later the German *Deutschland* made a jump of nearly 4,000 tons; while in 1907 the *Mauretania* almost doubled the German's figure. The next increase was almost 20,000 tons of the *Bremen's*, after which came the *Normandie* with a further increase of over 31,000 tons. Only the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary* have topped the 80,000 tons.

Thirteen ships have won the record more than once, beginning with the *Britannia* and ending with the *Queen Mary*. There is little doubt, as I have explained previously on this page, that the *Queen Elizabeth* could add two or three extra knots to the existing record, but what is the point of it? The only possible excuse for waste of fuel would be if the *America*, steaming flat out, managed to reach 32 knots. If it did, the Cunard White Star management might be tempted into allowing the *Queen Mary* or *Queen Elizabeth* to use up extra fuel and place the matter beyond any reasonable doubt.

To tabulate some of the fastest passages across the Atlantic: the *Teutonic* in 1891 crossed from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 5 days 16 hours 31 minutes—at an average speed of 20·43 knots. Ten years later the *Deutschland* crossed from Sandy Hook to Plymouth in 5 days 11 hours 5 minutes—at a speed of 23·51 knots. In the intervening decade the average speed was only raised by three knots when the *Mauretania* sailed between Daunts Rock and Sandy Hook in 4 days 10 hours 51 minutes—at an average speed of 26·06 knots. This record remained unbeaten, except by herself, until 1929, when the *Bremen* reached Ambrose Lightship from Cherbourg at an average speed of 27·83 knots.

Four years later the *Bremen* was the first to touch an average speed of over 28 knots. The *Normandie* was the first liner to reach 29 knots—and then 30 knots in June 1935. In 1936 the *Queen Mary* came into service, but crossed at her economical speed of 29-odd knots, paying no attention to the blue riband of the Atlantic until 1938, when, as already described, the Company allowed her to try her paces for securing extra data for the construction of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

NOT THE WEATHER FOR RECORD-BREAKING: Mountainous seas viewed from the deck of the S.S. "Gripsholm" during her first Atlantic passage in 1947. Several liners, including the "America," were delayed by storms, and passengers spent much of the time battened below decks

THE "PAMIR" CROSSES THE TASMAN WASTES: An aerial view of the four-masted barque as she made good headway during a recent voyage from Lyttleton, New Zealand, to Sydney. When this picture was taken she was 180 miles off Sydney Heads

The four-masted barque *Pamir* was originally one of the fleet of sailing-ships owned and operated by Captain Erikson, the Finn, who specialised in the years before the war in keeping the "tall ships" afloat—mainly in the Australian grain-carrying trade. When Finland joined the Nazis, the *Pamir* was in a New Zealand port. Her crew of Finns was at once replaced by New Zealanders, and her command taken over by Captain A. R. Champion, who had previously obtained his ticket in the Erikson fleet. Since then the *Pamir* has been in constant service in Pacific waters, carrying coal from the South American coast to Australasia, and timber across the Tasman. On one wartime trip from Vancouver to Wellington *Pamir* made the fast passage of 59 days, which ranks well with her pre-war performance of 103 days from Australia to England. In 1945 *Pamir's* status was discussed in the New Zealand courts, and she was declared a lawful prize of war

THE "DANMARK" GLIDES INTO PUGET SOUND: The full-rigged Danish training-ship, a stately survival of the age of sail, seen as she was about to reach Seattle, on the United States Pacific coast, at the end of her voyage from Scandinavia

Windjammers Maintain the Old Traditions of Sail

"DANMARK" CALLS AT SEATTLE

"PAMIR" CROSSES THE TASMAN SEA

The *Danmark*, which visited England in the early autumn and mention of which was made in THE SPHERE of October 5 last, has just reached the farthest point west on her present voyage, having arrived at Seattle with her crew of cadets who, true to the Danish maritime tradition, are receiving their training under sail. The *Danmark*, one of the stateliest survivals of the sailing age, put into New York at the outbreak of war and, at the request of King Christian, she served the U.S. Coast Guards. The present voyage marks the resumption of her role as a training-ship

THE SUN SHINES ON THE SPEEDING "PAMIR": The New Zealand windjammer, whose master "drives" her in the old tradition, nearing the end of her voyage from Lyttleton to Sydney. The "Pamir" once figured prominently in the Australian grain race, and her fastest voyage to England was completed in 103 days

New Lamps and Old

WRITERS AND THEIR HANDWRITING

The Prize Goes to the Banker-Poet, Samuel Rogers

By JOHN GORE

"HAND-OF-WRITE."—The handwriting of a public or literary or business man has grown of less and less importance with the years, as typewriting has become more and more universal. The public man dictates, the business man dictates to a shorthand-writer or to a machine, the journalist or literary man often composes direct on to his typewriter. A hieroglyphic initial or two in manuscript is about all which nowadays is required.

It was not ever thus. Before the machine age in the office, the handwriting of clerks was of supreme importance. The cadets of noble, landed and middle-class families, with a living to earn, often began their careers as "copyists" in Government and other offices. Their entrance examination was more or less confined to the legibility of their handwriting, and all day long their apprentice days were mortgaged to the business of making fair (or "carbon") copies of documents and drafts. The legacy of those days long survived in the Foreign Office in a universal "counterfeit presentment" of Palmerston's beautiful script. He set high store by this essential art, and insisted that all F.O. clerks should learn to imitate his hand-of-write; and for more than one generation the model was handed down.

Many years ago I visited the Manuscript Room in the British Museum to investigate the handwriting of literary men, in particular, and I was struck by the average excellence of it, at any rate from the beginning of the eighteenth century, the earliest date when it becomes readily readable to our generation. These were some of the conclusions I came to after visits to Public museums and after an examination of my own large autograph collection:

An Autograph Collection.—The heads of no profession have such a record for perfect calligraphy as the literary profession. Of writers of fame, the great majority have a decent "hand-of-write." There are one or two famous and lamentable exceptions, and one or two who love to deal with proof-sheets as with a jig-saw puzzle; but, on the whole, the standard remains high in the profession.

I choose to think that this fact entitles one to draw conclusions—for example, that the best literature flows from brains that are ordered and unhurried. It is surely fair to assume that a man who writes down a thought, of which he approves, in words which he has arranged to his satisfaction, is more likely to cross his t's and dot his i's, and less likely to slur his "ings" and abbreviate his terminations, than one who dashes off a sudden inspiration in the first words that come to hand, just to see how it looks, just to rid himself of the burden of parturition.

This reflection led me to examine again at leisure my own collection of autograph letters by famous hands; and the conclusions arrived at coincide with those drawn from a visit to the British Museum. On the whole, the literary lions give the best showing, and I feel justified in subscribing to the admirable theory that genius in literature is an infinite capacity for taking pains alike in small and important details.

From my own collection the prize for good handwriting must be awarded to the banker-poet, Samuel Rogers—superbly clear and neat. William Cobbett, Maria Edgeworth, and Rancke come next, with Sydney Smith, whose hand is finer and more delicate than some of his puns. George Eliot, very neat and clear and by no means unfeminine, is also in Class 1 with Mr. Gladstone, well spaced and neat, though a little sloppy in old age.

At the head of Class 2—the Adequates—comes Charles James Fox, Scott (readable and pretty, though showing signs of fatigue), Henry James, Byron (readable and ugly), Benjamin Constant (neat and pretty), William Pitt (ugly but adequate), Hume (a neat spider), Tom Moore (another spider, looking hopeful at first sight), Richard Brinsley Sheridan (ugly and bad, but excusable for the "damned head on him"), Miss Martineau (clear, neat, and yet unattractive), Theodore Hook (curiously difficult to read for so regular a handwriting), Trollope (ugly), and Jowett (neat and clear).

In the lowest class—the Shamefuls—comes in the place of dishonour Disraeli, writing late in life, in pencil, but excused by the fact that he writes to one of his "dear ladies," well used to his calligraphy, and writes in haste and sickness; Madame de Staël, careless and hurried; Talleyrand, in old age, in French that here and there resembles regular, if wobbly, Chinese characters.

The cream of the whole collection is the handwriting of two ladies, famous for eccentricity rather than genius, those queer pioneers of the Woman's Movement, Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the "Ladies of Llangollen." An engrossed parchment is not more neat.

Kemble and Jenny Lind among artists would be high up in any competition. Wellington, Sir R. Peel, and Daniel O'Connell among public men would pass muster. Of the literary great men, so far as my own collection goes, only "Dizzy" (and he in ill-health, haste and pencil) lets down the profession of letters.

Some More Illegibles.—Subsequent experience has compelled me to add two or three more names to the Roll of Infamy. First of these, and worse than "Dizzy" at his worst, stands Thomas Creevey. His handwriting always was (in Sir Herbert Maxwell's words) "simply execrable." It is safe to say that if, during his lifetime and soon after his death, his stepdaughter, Bessy Ord, the recipient of the bulk of his letters, had not fair-copied a very large part of her collection, the *Creevey Papers* could never have been given to the world in the fullness and accuracy we are able to enjoy and profit by. This execrable handwriting of Creevey is another proof of my assertion that ordered and unhurried brains turn out the best literature. Creevey wrote as he spoke, red-hot, words tumbling over each other, sentences curtailed to make room for fresh ideas, grammar sacrificed to enthusiasm, new hares and attractive by-paths always deflecting his line. He wrote and spoke as he was—a red-hot journalist always racing Time—and his style suits his vehicle of expression well enough.

Then Napoleon. His many signatures are incomparable hieroglyphics. No doubt he had little need of manuscript composition. He usually dictated to secretary-copyists and his signature was certainly not essential for authority or identification. No recipient had much reason to doubt the authenticity of his directives, and it is probable that a swollen head intensified the puzzle of his hieroglyphics. One sees examples of that in modern times. Many a business or official chief will sully a fair typescript with a blotchy scrawl, as if to prove to the recipient that the writer's time is mortgaged up to the hilt, and that he literally cannot afford the split second required to form legible initials or signature. That, of course, is mere vanity, and vanity plays a part in calligraphy. There are quite a number of my acquaintances and correspondents who are genuinely proud of the filthiness of their handwriting and love to brag about it. But you have no doubt observed among your own circle that people are often more proud of their known vices than of their virtues (if any).

Myself, I have never learned to type and never succeeded in dictating anything but business letters to a shorthand-writer. All my books and all my journalism have been fairly swiftly and fairly neatly written down with pen and ink in a clear, if far from pretty, hand; and the printer, who sets these words up in print, as week after week and year after year he is compelled to do, will perhaps, in justice, acknowledge that I have given him less trouble than some of his puzzle-setters, except in the matters of spelling and punctuation, on which I admit I lean still heavily upon him.

I wonder if the scribblers realise how much they owe to printers and readers, how many gaffes and grisly errors these anonymous and highly-educated middlemen spare both the author's reputation and the reader's patience.

TEA-DRINKING THROUGH THE AGES

WHEN TEA-DRINKING FIRST BECAME THE RAGE: This exhibit represents the period 1689-1702 at "The Romance of Tea" Exhibition, which is being held in the Central Hall at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Tea was first introduced into England in the sixteenth century, but in Pepys's time, when the diarist found his wife "making of Tee," it was still an expensive luxury, costing up to £10 per pound. By the reign of William III the price had dropped notably, and special tea-drinking tables and tea-drinking ware were designed. The table shown here is japanned, and the top is ornamented with Chinese figures, which were much in vogue at the time. The cups are without handles and the teapot is on a stand with a lamp beneath

THE CRAZE FOR CHINOISERIE: This exhibit at "The Romance of Tea" Exhibition belongs to the period 1760-65, when cabinet-makers, silversmiths and potters co-operated to satisfy public demand for the Chinese style

THE REVIVAL OF THE CLASSIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH TEA-TABLE WARE: Furniture and silverware in the style of Robert Adam. The dominating shape was oval, and it was during this period, between 1770 and 1800, that our silversmiths reached the perfection of their art. A quarter of a century later, and designs were tending to become over-ornate

THE START OF THE VICTORIAN ERA: Elaboration had begun to mar the classic symmetry of tableware, and papier mâché furniture was ousting the woodwork of the older cabinet-makers. Tea-drinking was becoming more than ever a habit, spreading throughout all classes

Until the year 1657, when Garroway's Coffee House offered tea to its patrons, the beverage appeared only on very special occasions, "as a regalia," we are told, "in high treatments and entertainments." Like coffee in earlier days, tea survived its original detractors, and as its price came down from £10 a pound it found increasing favour, until two centuries later it had penetrated into nearly every Victorian home. The story of that development is well demonstrated in the present exhibition at Knightsbridge, and the visitor can see, too, how styles in furniture and tableware altered from generation to generation

AWARDS for FILM STARS

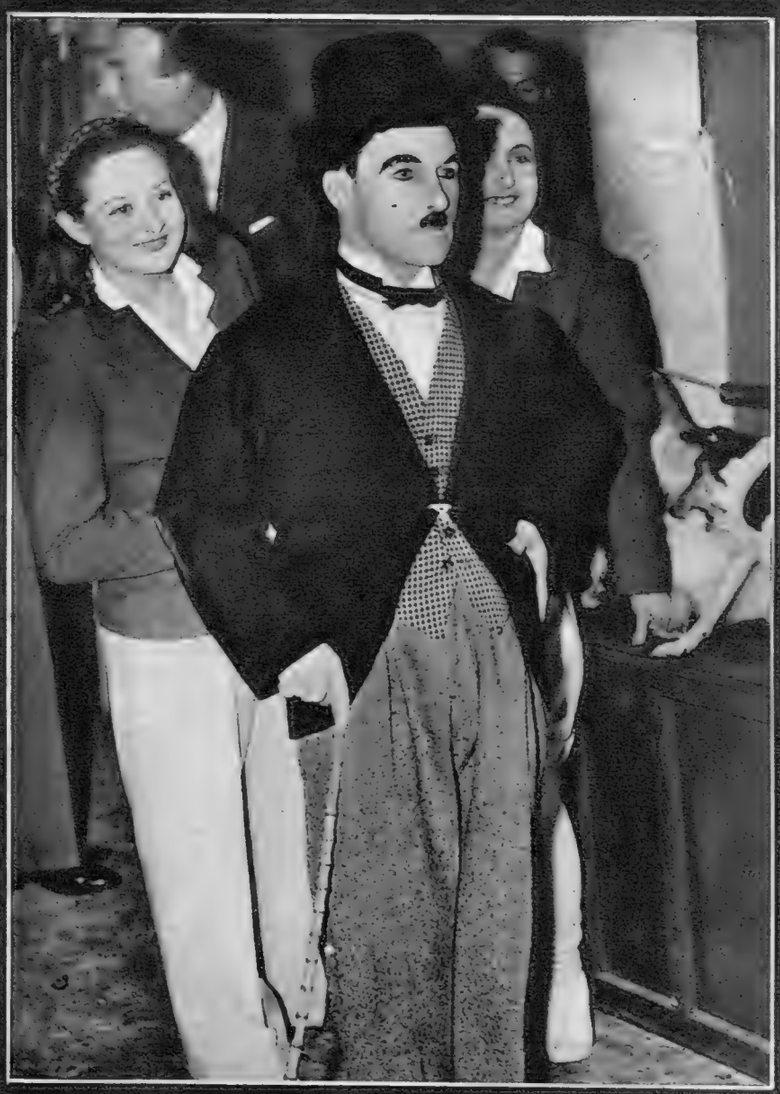
Guardsmen in Opera: "Charlie" in Circus

AN ITALIAN FILM STAR WINS A U.S. AWARD: Anna Magnani is selected as the finest actress of 1946. The number of titles available to film stars grows every year. The U.S.A. National Board of Review of Motion Pictures voted Anna Magnani the best actress of last year for her portrayal of a Roman woman in the Italian film *Citta Aperta* ("Rome, Open City"). The film, directed by Roberto Rosselini, was judged to be the second-best foreign film of the year. Anna Magnani lives in Rome; she is separated from her film-director husband, Goffredo Alessandrini, and has a four-year-old son whom she has sent to Switzerland to recover from infantile paralysis

GUARDSMEN AT COVENT GARDEN AGAIN: But, this time, they are on the stage of the Royal Opera House—not in the Market. Covent Garden has had assistance from the Guards of more than one kind recently. In this picture ex-Guards Sergeant Smith inspects some of the forty Guardsmen who appear in *Carmen*, the first repertory opera by the new English company, produced by the Covent Garden Trust. Tradition has it that the Prince Consort once commented to Queen Victoria on the weediness of the "soldier" chorus in an opera. The Queen ordered that serving Guardsmen be used in subsequent royal operas, and that order has been observed ever since

THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESS IN AMERICA: Ingrid Bergman, who received the Photoplay Gold Medal Award in New York for the most popular actress selected by a Gallup Poll

THE MOST PROVOCATIVE MOTION-PICTURE STILL OF 1946: Ingrid Bergman wins another title. Hot from her success as the most popular actress of the year, this photograph was selected by the International Society of Photographic Arts as the most provocative still of the year!



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST-PAID CIRCUS PERFORMER? Charlie Rivels, Bertram Mills' famous trapeze clown. Described variously as more Chaplin than Chaplin, and as the highest-paid circus performer in the world, Charlie Rivels has delighted audiences at the Olympia Circus with his clowning. His make-up gives him a remarkable resemblance to the famous film comedian, although any doubts as to his real identity are rapidly dispelled when he begins his act on bars and trapeze, with the aid of his partners—Juanito and Freddy

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"BOMBER" HARRIS AND HIS VERBAL BLOCKBUSTERS

An Explosively Frank Account of His War Experiences: His Belief in the Invincibility and Power of His Own Service

THERE was never any doubt during the war about the particular branch of the Services to which Sir Arthur Harris belonged. He was called then "Bomber" Harris, so closely was he identified with his Command in the Royal Air Force, and it is as "Bomber" Harris that he now writes his explosively frank account of his war experiences, which are also the experiences of his Force. Whether you read BOMBER OFFENSIVE (Collins. 21s.) to find the answers to the controversial questions about the merits and demerits, moral and strategic, of mass bombing, or to get a general picture of the organisation of a huge war-time machine, or to study the recorded conversations of Smuts and Churchill, or to assess the degree of co-operation there was between British and American Air Forces, one thing at least is certain. You will get an indelible impression of the man that Harris was and is.

Not that the book is egotistical; it is not. But because it is the statement of a case made with such forthrightness, energy and passion that, in reading, we see the man himself, his drive, his tenacity, and the singlemindedness that, time and again, has given his critics so many loopholes. "I 'm not arguing. I 'm telling you," might have been coined for him as a writer. This is how the campaigns were carried out, and this is how they could have been carried out earlier, more effectively and even more completely, if it had not been for a number of interests which Sir Arthur proceeds to demolish with verbal blockbusters.

It might occur to the reader that, as a serving officer under the authority of the War Cabinet, at which level strategy was planned, Sir Arthur took an extremely definite line about that strategy, but it could also be argued that to implement that strategy, the war chiefs needed an officer of his particular qualities and defects; one whose belief in the invincibility and power of his own Service was so complete that he sees it to this day as the rightful Senior Service.

Where all controversy ends is at Sir Arthur's tigerish loyalty to his bomber crews and their colleagues. "If I were asked," he writes, "what were the relations between Bomber Command and the American bomber force I should say that we had no relations . . . we and they were one force. As for the American bomber crews, they were the bravest of the brave, and I know that I am speaking for my own bomber crews when I pay this tribute."

And he is speaking in powerful and bitter defence of those bomber crews of his, and their ground staffs, with the words: "We never had more than 250,000 men and women at any one time in Bomber Command, so that the total of 60,000 casualties among air-crew and ground staff should give some idea of what the Command had to face in maintaining an offensive for which the great majority were awarded the 'Defence' Medal." The savage use of those quotation marks is his own.

In the life of Giacomo Casanova there was one true love. To her he was true, if not faithful. His legendary and not so legendary *amours* have invested his name with a very special significance, but Mr. Richard Aldington, in THE ROMANCE OF CASANOVA (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), has written a delightful and unpedantic study of the man as he might have been. Mr. Aldington tells us that, although much of the background and many of the characters of the story have been taken from the *Memoirs* and other contemporary sources, he has played about with these as he pleased, and invented where records lagged behind his fantasy.

The result is Casanova, the perfect hero of fiction. His every action, which in real life must have made him the completest scoundrel and philanderer of his day, treated as fiction becomes rather charming and just a little wayward. All the elements of a good, romantic story are here: adventure, mystery, the unscrupulous Inquisition, the thwarted woman, the true-blue friend, and love wherever the eye lights.

I cannot think of a novel that I could recommend more confidently to dispel some of the fog of this long, austere winter.

It often seems to me that the work of Mr. Louis Bromfield might be described as well by some phrase, highly laudatory yet belonging to some other profession or industry. The clockmaker's words—"jewelled in every movement"—occur to me, or the horsecoper's "easy to ride or drive." His writing is so utterly competent, so well-tailored and so smooth that not even the rough edge of a formula shows.

JACKET DESIGN OF "OHO": Rex Whistler's last drawings, a series of reversible faces, are published by John Lane and are accompanied by Laurence Whistler's verses. The book is reviewed below

This is particularly evident in Mr. Bromfield's short stories. THE WORLD WE LIVE IN (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of such short stories, published and unpublished, and all readable to the point of hypnosis. The most dramatic is *Death in Monte Carlo*, in which an American-born Princess is responsible for the deaths of two people, as she insists that her fabulous collection of jewels should be brought across the border from Italy to Monaco in the summer of 1940. Not even such gaily preposterous statements as "Most of Europe and half the world knew the rather high old Rolls-Royce," can alter the fact that this is a well-built story, or deter ninety-nine readers out of a hundred from finishing it.

Taylor Caldwell is the American Daphne du Maurier. The same lack of classic style, the same indifference to cliché, the same power of story-telling and, I am told, the same fabulous popularity.

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE (Collins. 10s. 6d.) certainly tells a story, and one that I was drawn to read in spite of all its melodrama, its inconsistencies and its bromides. The secret of this kind of book lies in whether the author can make you care what happens next. Miss Caldwell and her English colleague can. If the art of acting is, as Sir Ralph Richardson suggests, in stopping people coughing, then this is its counterpart in the world of novels. And I for one am exceedingly grateful for it.

Miss Caldwell's tale is concerned with a small town in New York State, about eighty years ago, and a group of people who seem to vie with each other in showing implacable pride, cruelty and passion. Most of them are remarkably handsome, which no doubt makes their exploits more interesting, and one of the women even boasts purple eyes and a mouth like a dark plum. It all helps. And, as I say, the curious thing is that the story, with or without such embellishments, is quite a good one.

In a distinguished and thoughtful autobiography, Mr. E. L. Grant Watson has, he explains, attempted to find that connection which may link his experience with the catastrophic phenomena of our time. "I am like a man who has walked out one sunny morning and has fallen over a cliff. By chance I was not killed, but patched up. Many another man has had this experience." A man may survive yet live on as a different person.

BUT TO WHAT PURPOSE (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) describes not only the writer's life in its chief events, but something of his thoughts and the philosophical conclusions which he has reached through them. He quotes the splendid lines of Walt Whitman:

"Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and the stars are for religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half-devout enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is."

Mr. Grant Watson has travelled in Australia and New Zealand, in Honolulu, Canada and Scandinavia, and has been in turn zoologist, anthropologist, novelist, essayist and, more recently, farmer. His memoirs are never trivial, and never descend to the merely anecdotal, but perhaps he is at his best, not in grave reflection, but when he is describing some scene he loves and remembers, with a naturalist's fidelity, but with a painter's eye.

REX WHISTLER'S LAST DRAWINGS

And Other New Books from the Latest Publishers' Lists

When Napoleon was asked whether he could have invaded England successfully he is said to have replied: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Whether Bonaparte ever really said this may be open to doubt, but it was none the less a good palindrome.

Such verbal juggling has always been popular, and now it finds artistic expression in OHO (John Lane. 5s.), a book of drawings by the late Rex Whistler, with verses by Laurence Whistler. This volume, which can be read back to front or upside down, consists of a series of reversible faces so that the reader can enter the gallery from either end. It is a first-rate piece of fooling, and a reminder of what a talented artist has been lost in Rex Whistler, who, it will be remembered, died in action at the head of his Welsh Guards tank troop in Normandy.

Another posthumous work, and of rather greater importance, is THE ENGLISH TOWNSMAN, by Thomas Burke (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). Burke was essentially a Londoner, essentially a town-lover, and all his life he held the view, in common with Johnson and Lamb, that the townsman is not "the rootless creature of a shallow soil" he is sometimes deemed to be by the countryman. Thomas Burke put the finishing-touches to this valedictory work just before his death, and in proof of his admiration of the townsman, he points to his unwavering steadfastness in the years of war when, through all the perils of the time, he stayed put and took the punishment that was meted out by the Luftwaffe. This book represents real scholarship, and the author's survey takes us from mediæval times to the present day.

An equally scholarly work from the same publishing house is ENGLISH CHURCH MONUMENTS, 1510-1840, by Katharine A. Esdaile, with an Introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell (Batsford. 21s.). Mrs. Esdaile, who is a leading authority on sculpture since the Renaissance, covers every aspect of the subject over a period of 300 years, and numerous photographs and line drawings of important monuments intersperse the text.

Occasional light-hearted diversions do much to enliven a book that is the product of a lifetime of painstaking research, and the author obviously takes a keen delight in recounting some of the more lurid monumental inscriptions. Readers, for instance, may find quite irresistible the doings of the worthy Sir Edward Wynter, who, unarmed, having killed a tiger and on foot overthrown "twice twenty mounted Moors," returned in triumph to Battersea, where:

"True to his friends, a terror to his foes,
Here now, in peace, his honour'd bones repose."

When in 1945 the twin blows fell upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki, bringing to an end a state of virtual Armageddon, the Western World for one brief moment breathed a sigh of relief and then, recovering from that initial, natural, overmastering impulse, began to realise the direful implications of the new atomic age that had been born almost overnight. To-day, fully shocked into awareness, that realisation is with us all, and mindful of how little time we may have to organise, the best brains in every country are approaching the problem with feverish intensity. One of the most vital essays on the subject so far written is MODERN MAN IS OBSOLETE (Falcon Press. 2s. 6d.), in which Norman Cousins crystallises the issue and presents what he considers to be the only alternatives. Either we have world government, he says, and create machinery for ensuring that it never gets into unscrupulous hands, or we return to 10,000 B.C. and the era of tribal sovereignty. There can be no half-measures, and although we may don blinkers, "all the manufactured calm and scorn in the world cannot alter the precise fact that the atomic bomb plus another war equals global disaster." In the space of a 60-page essay, the author does no more than present the issues at stake, but he does it with clarity and conviction.

ECONOMICS FOR THE EXASPERATED (John Lane. 10s. 6d.) is another book for the student of world affairs, and in many ways it is no less vital to our well-being than consideration of the atomic issues. The author, Gordon Rattray Taylor, surveys the many facets of world economy, and comes back to the inevitable question of periodic booms and slumps. Socialism, a planned economy, is one solution, he declares, but possibly not the final solution. His chapter on Britain and her vital need for exports is notably lucid, and many may agree with Mr. Taylor when he urges that the nation should at this very moment give as much consideration to the question of growing at home the goods at present imported as is given to the programme of "Export or die."

Two new books in the admirable "This is the Law" Series are LEGAL AID FOR THE POOR, by Ernest J. Cohn and Robert Egerton (Stevens. 3s. 6d.), and THE LAW OF WILLS, by Rupert Cross (Steyens. 4s.). These are excellent handbooks, but considering their price and the fact that they will be in use constantly, it is to be hoped that the publishers will be able to provide future editions with cloth covers.

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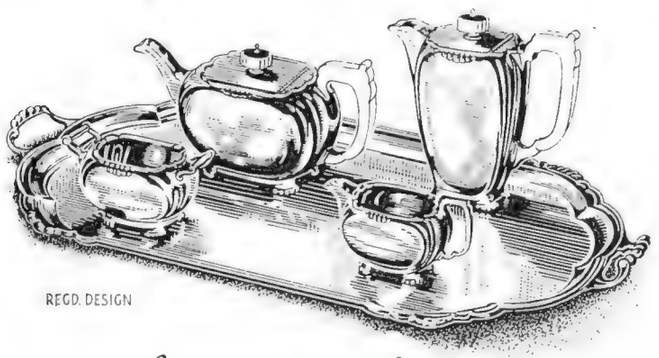

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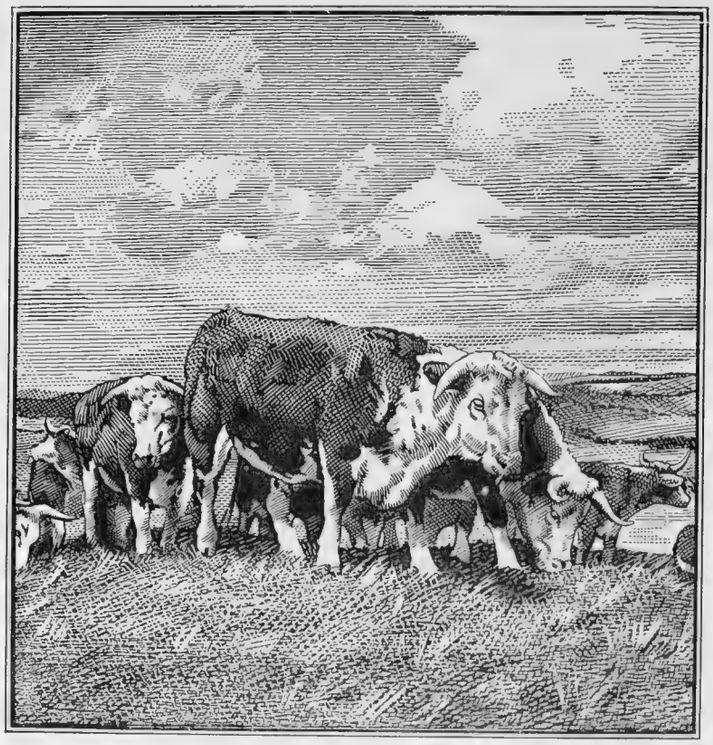

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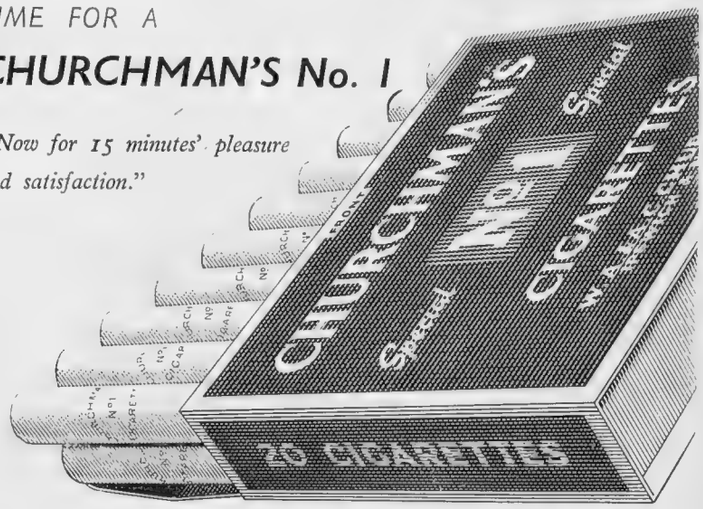

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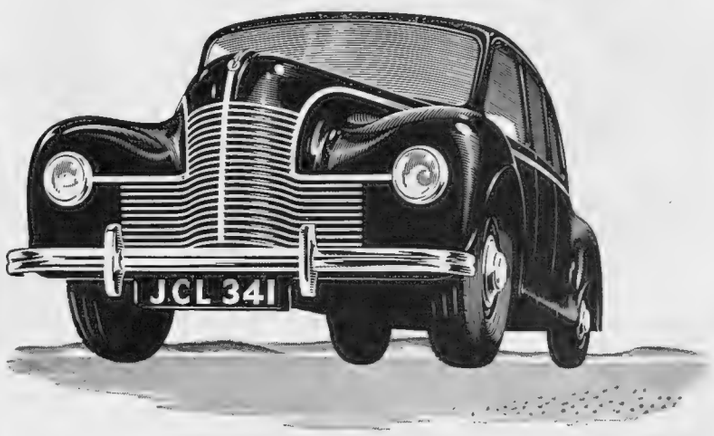

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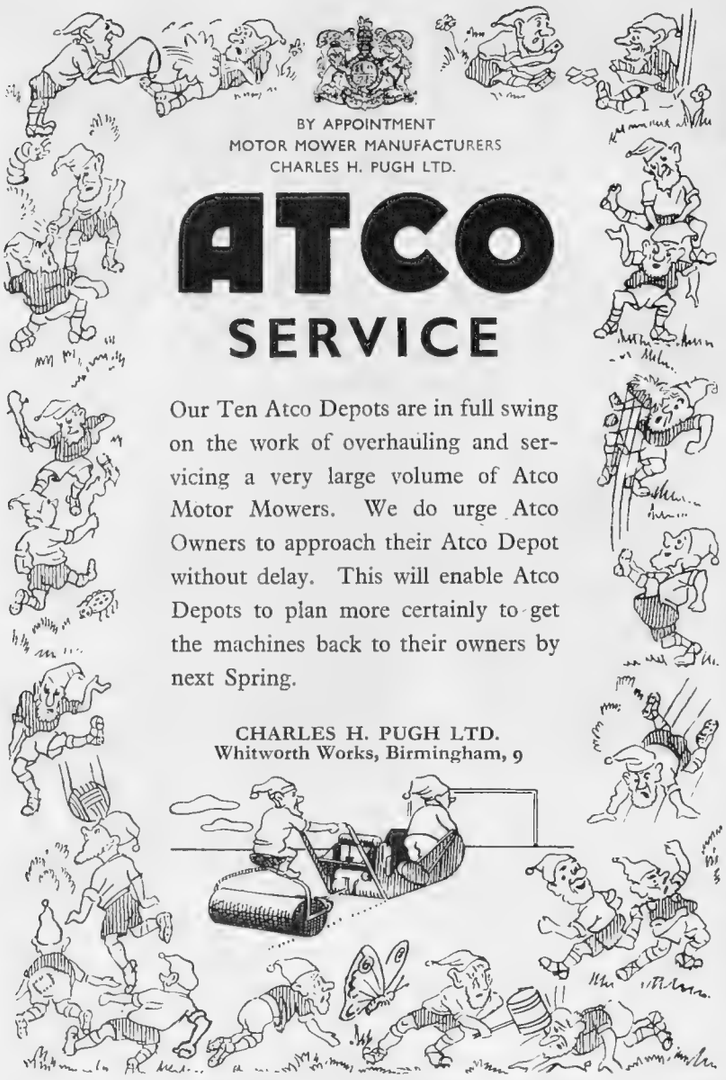

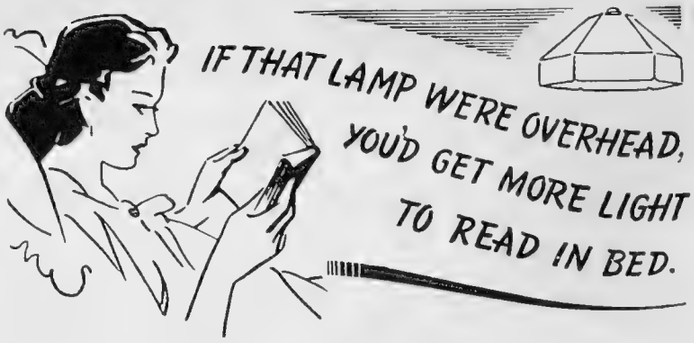

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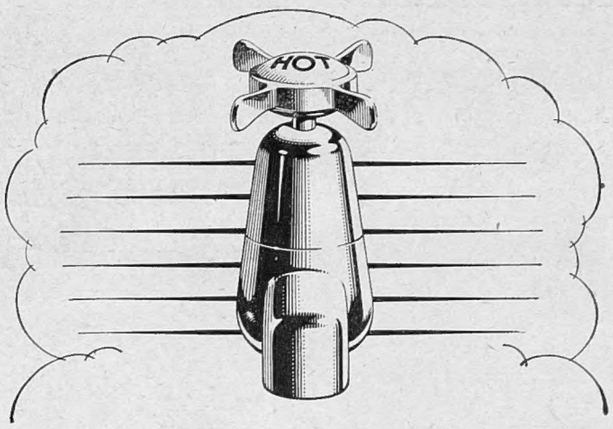

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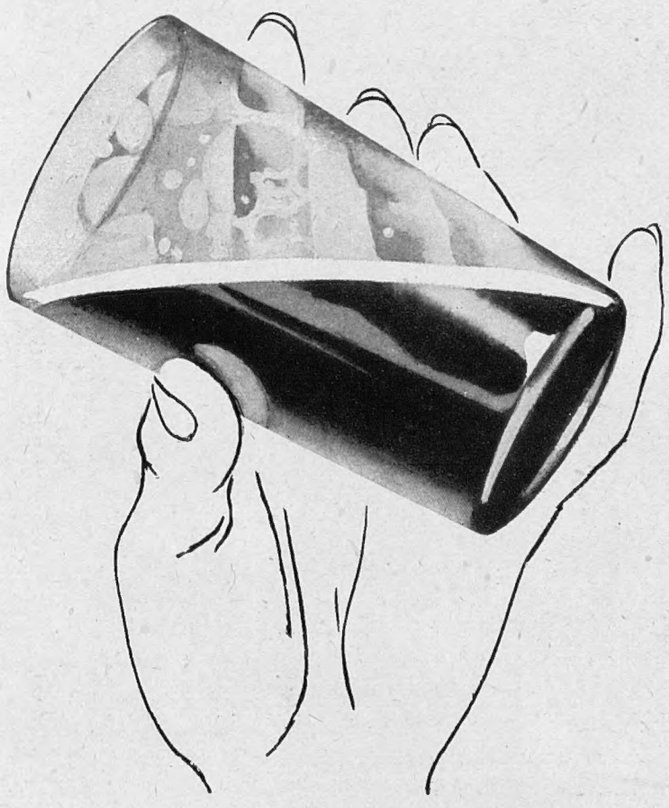

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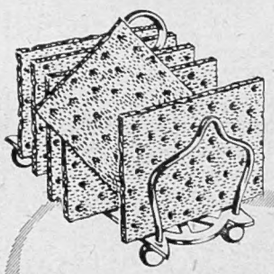

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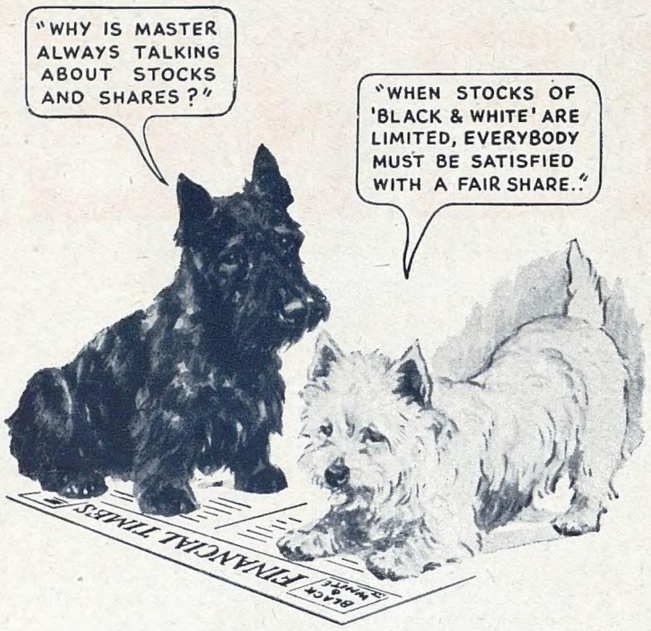

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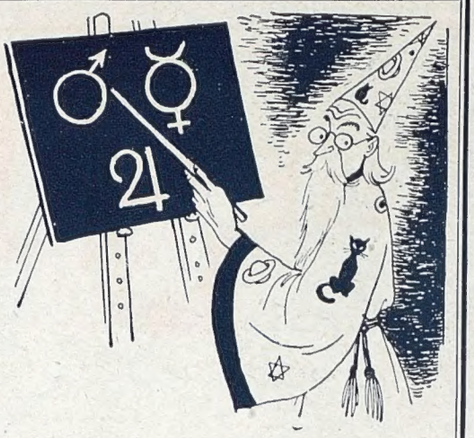

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